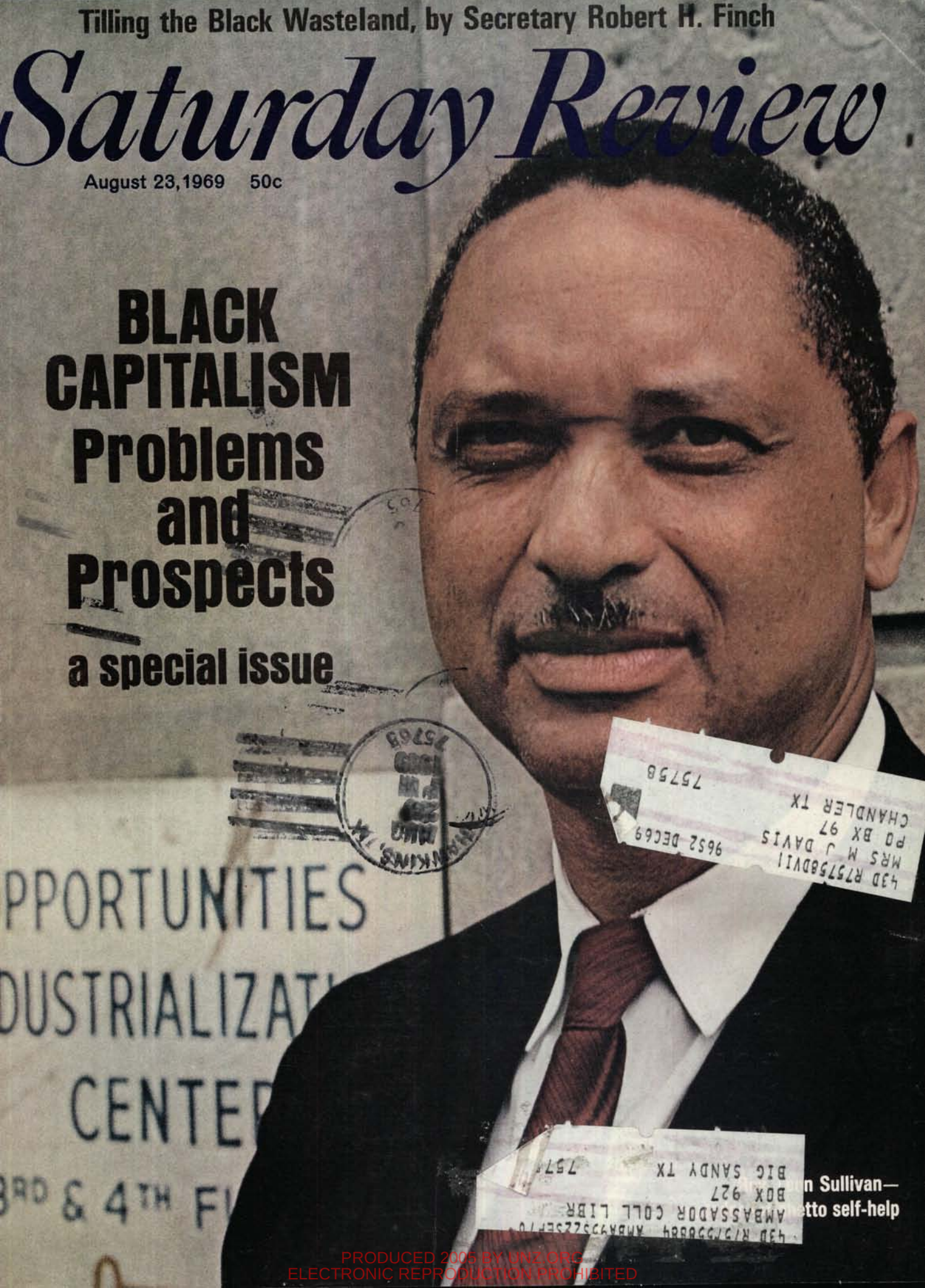
Tilling the Black Wasteland, by Secretary Robert H. Finch

Saturday Review

August 23, 1969 50c

BLACK CAPITALISM Problems and Prospects

a special issue



n Sullivan—
tto self-help

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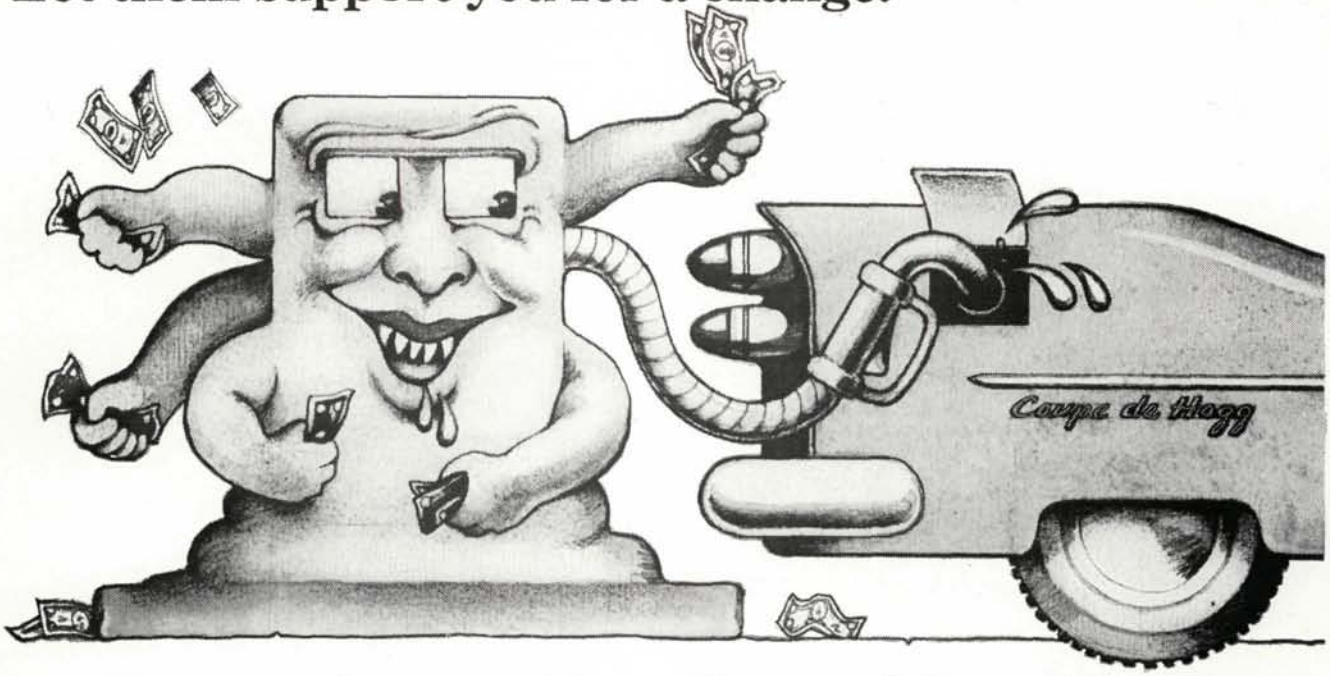
For years you've supported the gasoline companies. Let them support you for a change.



Every year, the average driver contributes about $450 to the gasoline companies. That's because the average driver's average car gets about 12 miles to the gallon. The gas companies love the average driver—as well they might.

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What is a truck?

A truck is an iceberg. You see a little of it on the highway but its greatest part —what it *does*—is invisible. Next time you see one, look beyond the words on the back and side. Look to the service it's performing.

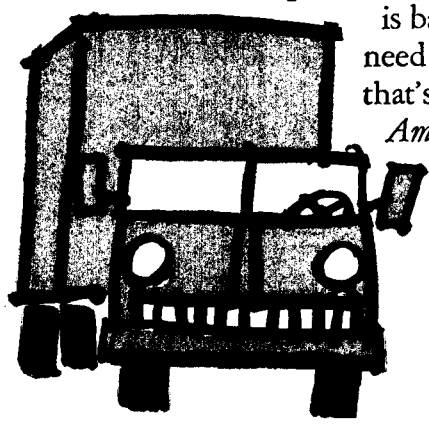
A truck is food. And clothes. And furniture, machinery, chemicals—three-quarters of all freight shipped in America. Need we ask what would happen if trucks weren't operating?

A truck is your neighbor. If you think of trucks only as over-the-highway haulers, maybe you've forgotten how many others come knocking at your door. To collect trash. To bring milk. To move furniture. To paint your house. To deliver oil. To fix sink, television, telephone.

A truck is a taxpayer. And a generous one. Trucks account for 16% of all vehicles; pay more than 33% of total vehicle taxes. Specifics? A large truck pays up to $3,500 and even more a year in road taxes. That's a lot of generous.

A truck is a worker. Despite restrictions on sizes and weights, the trucking industry has matched our economy's growth and concomitant need for increased freight transportation. Those restrictions, by the way, are based on standards that date back to World War II.

A truck is a servant. And we don't forget it. Our right to advance in technology and efficiency is based on the need for those advances. Our responsibility to give better service is based on our economy's need for better service. And that's what we're driving for.



American Trucking Associations, Inc., 1616 P St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Better service. That's what trucks are driving for.

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(Advertisement)

Harold Taylor will never do. As an educator, he is humane, human, thoughtful and an activist, and his new book is studded with ideas for the reform and regeneration of education, none of them brought about at gun point. Specifically, in THE WORLD AS TEACHER, he is writing about the education of teachers —especially about their training to teach young people about world affairs. In the course of this analysis, he offers many pointed observations about education in general but never in the useless generalities that sometimes pass for criticism.

"Not more than 3 to 5 percent of all teachers," he writes, "have had in the course of their preparation . . . any formal study of cultures other than their own." The main reason, he suggests later, is that "the education of teachers for service in the public schools has always been conducted in a local context and a poverty-stricken way outside the main stream of the intellectual and social forces of contemporary history. We have never brought to the task of educating teachers the full power of the American intellect . . ."

In a time when everyone talks about education, and everyone tries to do something about it—meddling or voting, complaining or pitching in—I am delighted to see this book with its emphasis on the most important part of any school system: the man or woman who stands in front of the class. Among Taylor's recommendations is one for a wholly new kind of teachers' college, which he sees as a students' college. He has exciting ideas for further uses of the Peace and Teachers Corps, VISTA, etc.

"The spirit is important . . . none of the arrogance, stubbornness, and grimness so often associated with campus reform," wrote Frederick Rudolph in the *N.Y. Times Book Review*. "Hopeful and energetic . . . Taylor takes the initiative on behalf of reform, students, education and society itself."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE WORLD AS TEACHER ($6.95), by Harold Taylor, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any Doubleday Book Shop, one which is located at 1331 E Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

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by Charlayne Hunter

Cover: Bob Cato

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We've got a knack for picking winners.

This is a scene from the movie "Winning", produced by Universal Pictures. It promises to more than live up to its name. The co-stars play an Indianapolis 500 driver and an Avis rental agent. And if you haven't identified these stars by now, you don't go to the movies much. They're Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. She's Mrs. Newman in private life.

Naturally we're happy that Avis was chosen to represent the rent-a-car industry in this movie. That's one of the things that come from trying harder.

We picked Avis for a winner in 1965. Since then, another result of trying harder has been demonstrated in a big way. The Avis fleet of cars and trucks has increased from 25,000 to 92,000. During the same time the industry as a whole has had an equally spectacular growth.

From shorthand to advertising displays

Forty per cent of all our business is now in the service industries.

A good example of one of our new services is The Speedwriting Company, part of ITT Educational Services, Inc. Founded on a simplified system for taking shorthand, this company has grown into a network of franchised business schools in over 400 cities in 28 countries, teaching "Speedwriting" shorthand in 8 languages. It offers home-study courses, too.

Through "Nancy Taylor" teaching programs, The Speedwriting Company has broadened also into a comprehensive educational system for women with studies ranging from make-up and grooming to fashion merchandising.

Another example is Transportation Displays, Inc. (TDI). This company sells a specialized advertising medium that reaches the rail commuters and air travelers market. Today, TDI handles advertising sales for commuter railroads and terminals in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, as well as terminals in Cleveland, Boston, Washington and other major markets along the Northeast Corridor. It also sells the advertising displays in more than 50 airports throughout the U.S., and in Puerto Rico and Mexico.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Cost-of-Living Mother Goose

To market, to market,
To look for a roast,
Home again, home again,
Tuna on toast.

—Dow Richardson.

Going To The Dog

Walking the dog is a favorite means of exercise, especially for city dwellers. The only unfortunate thing about this is that the dog, a sleek, lean creature, gets most of the exercise. While his flabby master walks slowly down the sidewalk, the trim, superbly muscled dog runs from side to side and in circles, covering at least half a mile for every block traversed by his human companion.

It would be much better if the two could reverse their roles, the dog taking the direct route and his master darting to and fro, burning up fat and reducing the cholesterol in his bloodstream. Such a switch would, however, be hard to manage, much as the dog's owner might enjoy, just for once, running around and around his dog, and getting him completely tangled up in the leash.

Since it would be difficult for the dog and his master to change places, I have another suggestion. What I propose is for the dog's master to let the leash go slack and move with the dog. This would entail (a word that seems peculiarly apt) stopping suddenly to sniff something or other, and then taking off like a sprinter leaving his starting block. It would mean chasing another dog or a cat at full speed, and hoping the other dog or the cat didn't stand and fight. This stopping and starting, these bursts of speed, would be just the thing for developing the leg and thigh muscles, and for helping the lungs and the heart.

Outside the city, in rural areas where there is no leash law, or it is not observed, the owner of a dog could really get himself in shape, running across fields, doubling back and forth while following a scent (or following a dog following a scent), jumping at tree trunks in an attempt to get at a squirrel on an upper branch, and generally getting a good workout. His pulse would beat fast, his breathing would be deep, and the proponents of aerobics would heartily approve.

As for the dog, think of how he would enjoy his master's side-by-side participation, whether bounding across a field, looking down a gopher hole, or savoring a fireplug. As anyone knows, it is not much fun doing things alone. Many a time the dog must have longed for someone to share his adventures and discoveries. How wistfully he looked back at his master, plodding along on the sidewalk or path, missing so much and being so much missed....

One thing I know. He who, instead of walking his dog, runs with him and ventures with him, will sleep well at night. Unless, that is, he is awakened by the mournful howl of some dog who has seen the two together and wishes *his* master, too, would be that kind of companion.

Try it sometime—not walking the dog but dogging the walk. It might be advisable, however, to go to your physician for a checkup first.

—Richard Armour.

Notes on Italian Travel (Ring bell at side, if church is closed.)

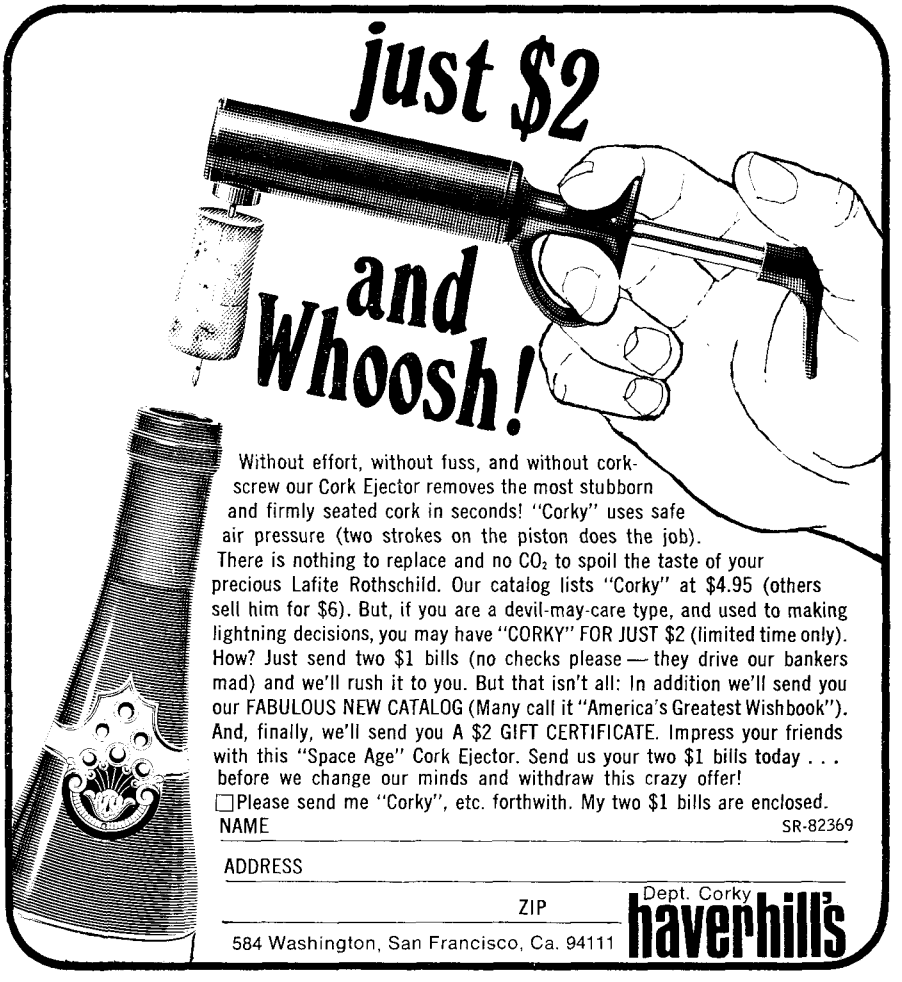
We now retrace our steps to the Abbazia dei Quattro Gobbi where, tradition tells us, three second-century mystics were buried alive only to spring up bathed in a heavenly light. The pious claimed they saw four apparitions instead of three. For a long time (seventeen centuries) the place was malarial, but in 1890 the Cenacle Order of St. Gusto Amaro acquired the land, drained it, and planted eucalyptus groves. The monks now distill a eucalyptus liqueur from a secret formula and sell it at a modest price. Copies of the formula may also be bought.

* * *

Section V. Sarcophagus with girl jumping rope during a Peloponnesian religious festival. Roman copy of a Greek bronze original of the fifth century B.C. The two small reliefs of charioteers belonging to opposing factions are of interest.

* * *

Castel Mammalucia. One of the most attractive *castelli* of the Scarafaggi district, Castel Mammalucia stands on the lip of Lake Rizzoli, a crater lake 1,848 feet above the sea. The town occupies the site of the citadel Alba Umberto, founded, according to legend, by Arcanius, a great-great-great nephew of Aeneas (see footnote, p. 79). Its wars with Rome were remarkable for their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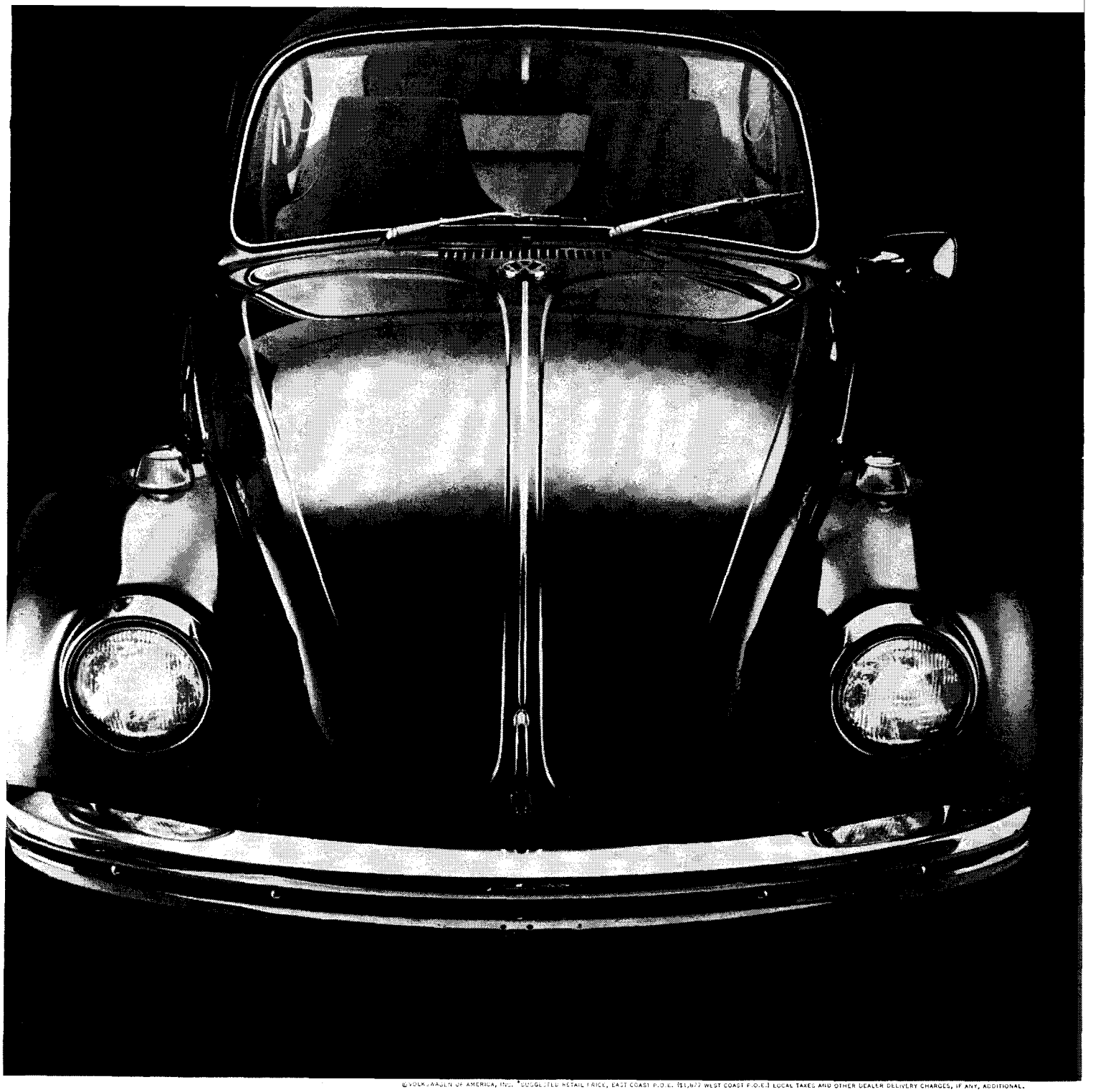

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"Good for laughs."
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lack of bloodshed and the frequent armistices devoted to gallantry and gaiety. Two small hotels (fourth-class) offer excellent squid in season and a kind of *eroe* (hero) sandwich of boiled *anguilla* (eel). The local wine is worth tasting if only for the experience.

* * *

The Vicolo Giovanni Gabbia, on the left, leads to the charming Via San Luigi della Gamba Rotto and Casa Umido, the house where, we are told, Guido Gambarelli and his devoted mistress, Maria del Lungo Naso, spent their happiest days before his incarceration. The original house, a dark, forbidding hovel, has been restored many times, but a portion of the old wall may still be seen at the rear; in the kitchen, when the light is favorable, one may see the remnant of a fresco, greatly faded and now no more than a pink and brown blue, said to have been the work of Beppe Garafano, called the Elder. Admission. (See p. 24.)

* * *

On the west side, beyond Ponte Venti Oche, we come to a medieval ruin on a tufa hill. Steps (197) have been carved out of the precipitous cliff which leads to the top from which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. This was the delightfully situated site of Rocco Soccorso, a favorite of tired *pellegrini* (pilgrims). The town at the base, of which virtually nothing remains, was Pelasgic and prospered well into the first century when the last ruler, Mesquillius, was expelled by his subjects for reasons that still remain a mystery.

* * *

Velucci (38 inhab.), justly renowned in ancient times for the rugged beauty of its men and women, stands at the head of a valley that narrows to a gorge, and discharges the celebrated cascades that keep the town in perpetual mist except in the dry season. Many Roman and medieval monuments abound on the hillsides. Syphax and Zenobia sought refuge here. The town withstood a siege in the eleventh century. The grottoes, once popular with visitors, have been closed since a series of earth tremors in the 1870s.

* * *

From Tre Accattoni to Paganico, 42 m. there are two road routes: the main road (Highway 39; motor-bus not on Tues., Fri., or Sun., in five hours), and another via Tozzi (motor-bus in four hours Mon., Wed., Sat.) Roccatederighi is a typical town on the first route.

—JOHN FERRIS.

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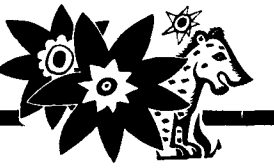

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Give them this day their daily bread.

Think of the last time that *you* were hungry. Really hungry. Was it because dinner was late? Or because you missed a lunch?

Can you imagine what it is to go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry? Subsisting day after day on a few greens around noon . . . and some pinto beans in the evening? Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that

It sounds incredible. And it is incredible. Because it's taking place right now . . . in the midst of the good life so many of us are now living in America.

But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers . . . and their children . . . with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have *no* income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has begun a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may *your* next meal be a little more enjoyable.

NAACP MISSISSIPPI EMERGENCY RELIEF, DEPT.B-2A,BOX 121, RADIO CITY STA., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
(A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax-deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.)

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Behold The Critic

THERE'S A CUTE gimmick used by certain Broadway producers with money invested in uncertain plays. Before opening night, they present a series of previews. Drama critics are not invited.

Previews usually run from a few days to a week, depending on how much doctoring is required to bring the play to a sitting-up position. After extensive transplants, the critics are permitted to see it at appropriate visiting hours, bearing baskets of flowers and bricks, whether to give it a hand or a thumb.

The last play of our theatrical season had previews for a long eight weeks before critical visitors were allowed. The bricks were thrown, and the flowers spelled out "Rest In Peace."

The play, *A Teaspoon Every Four Hours*, starred Jackie Mason, a nightclub comic. Mr. Mason was not only the star, he claimed part authorship. Claiming the ability to create literate material is widespread among comics. One comic told me his ambition is to rewrite, revive, and star in *If I Was King*.

Mr. Mason's play officially closed the night it officially opened. And it deserved it. I can only imagine his or any actor's jaundiced view of a critic's opinion. Usually it's "What does he know? He was never on the stage."

Well, for his information, at age nineteen I was drama critic of the Kansas City *Journal-Post*. But I came into that exalted position with a background bristling with theatrical successes in high school, although I must admit my first stage appearance at sixteen left something to be desired.

The part was a walk-on. I was supposed to walk onstage into a setting purported to be a plush hotel lobby—actually it was the same set that was used in the play before to indicate an amphitheater in a hospital. By removing the operating table and scattering two pots of palms it was transformed into a hotel lobby.

I had one line, which would indicate it was indeed a lobby: "This is the hotel lobby. I wonder where he can be. Oh, there he is," and walk off.

On my theatrical debut, I said: "This is the hotel lobby. Oh, there he is. I wonder where he can be."

When I showed up for casting of the next play—we did a play every month—the director was quite cool, and I use the word in the old frigid sense. But when one of his pet actors couldn't make the play because of a track-and-field commitment, he had no choice.

The play was *The Fortune Hunter*, in which I appeared in white tie and tails. I was resplendent. I have the picture in my scrapbook to prove it. I played the title role, a young gadabout seeking a rich wife. I don't recall if I found her. I don't remember much about the play except my resplendent white tie and tails, and that on my first entrance I tripped over the doorsill. Also when I exited.

My next success, nevertheless, was in *The Servant in the House*. Again I had the title role. I was Manson, the butler. Manson was in reality a bishop who was brought into a troubled household to spread peace and the brotherhood of man. Manson, in fact, was Son of Man. I remember that I wore a long white robe, sandals, and a Christ-like beard. I was again resplendent.

The fellow who played the head of the household was later to become a professional actor. His name is Ed Pawley, and he starred on Broadway in several plays and made a big hit with New York critics.

The director was impatient with Ed, because all through rehearsals he didn't know his lines. The director said I was the only member of the cast who knew his lines. I was proud of that. The day after, when the critic reviewed the play and ignored my long white robe and sandals, and gave a rave review only to Ed, I was comforted in remembering that at least I had known all my lines before Ed did. I phoned the critic and told him I knew all my lines before Ed did. Also my mother canceled our subscription.

My farewell appearance was as King Herod. I don't recall whether it was Herod the Great, ruler over Judea, or Herod Antipas, his son, who married his brother's wife Herodias, and who, at the request of his stepdaughter Salome, presented her with the head of John the Baptist on a platter. Since I don't remember any goings on like that, it must have been Herod the Great. And I thought I was too.

So don't go telling me I don't qualify as a critic. I don't care what our local Henry Hewes wrote about my Herod. He was never in a play in his life.

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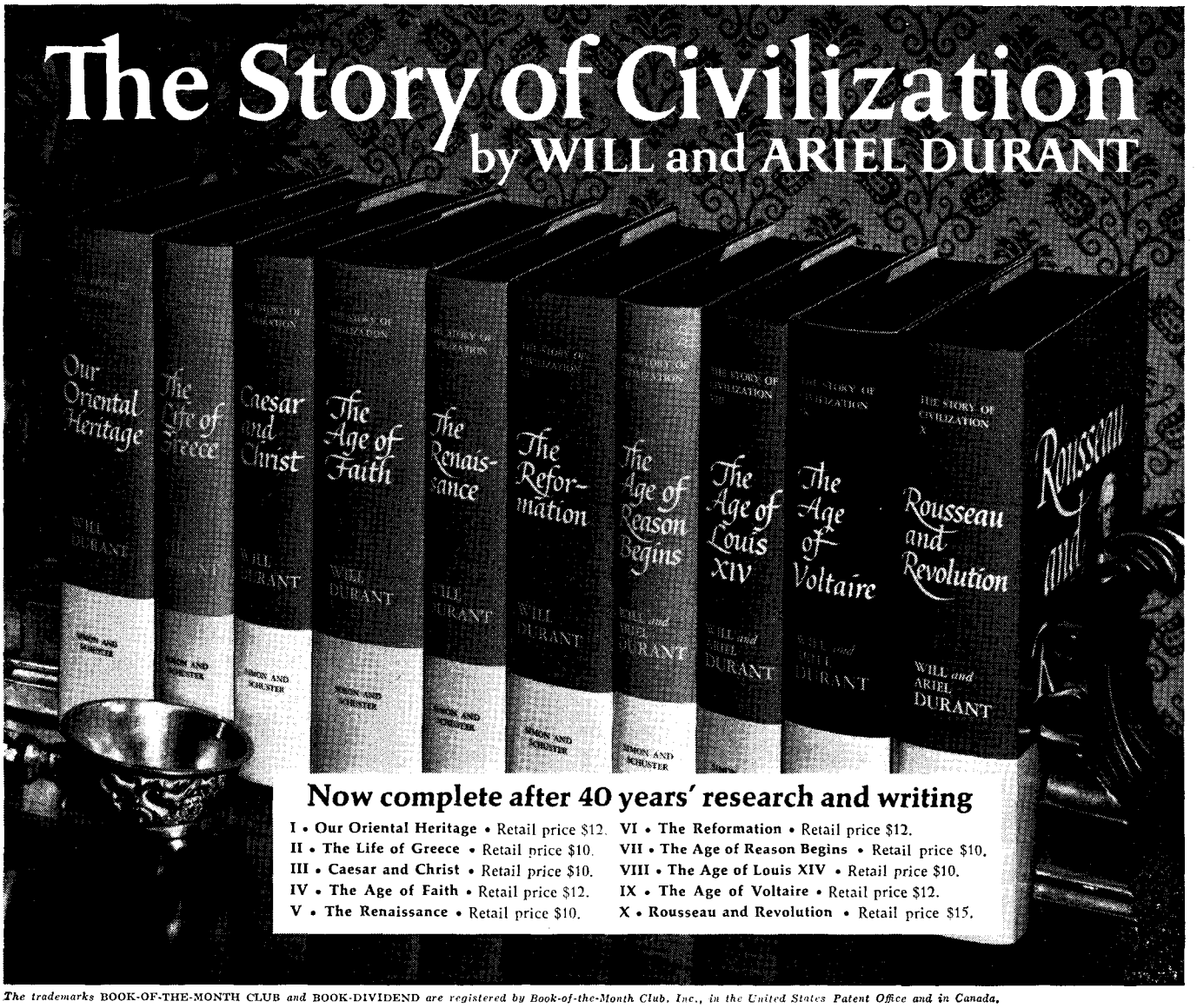

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

A Definition to Remember Us By—The ABM: The Maginot Line in the sky.

Title of the Week—Joe Namath's autobiography: *I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow . . . Because I Grow Better Looking Every Day*. The book's previous title, *My Spartan Life*, was rejected—because, we understand, someone decided that when the book was made into a movie, it would not be as good-looking on the marquee.

Letter of the Week—from Mrs. Endre Bohem in Hollywood, California:

Dear Mr. Amory,

In case you have been wondering about the state of the book trade, a recent experience my husband and I had may be of interest to you. Upon the completion of the film version of Molnar's *The Boys of Paul Street*, we offered the translation

rights of the original novel to various American book publishers. Among the answers expressing interest or refusal was a printed form from Rutledge Books, Inc. It was the usual: "Thank you for submitting the enclosed material which we regret has been found unsuited to our needs." What made us ponder whether we can blame our entire cultural decline on television was the way the envelope was addressed:

Ferenc Molnar
1629 No. Crescent Heights Blvd.,
Hollywood, California 90069

A sad story which lingered on was that of the late Bonny, the little space monkey whose journey was so ineptly handled by NASA and whose final demise was so cynically dismissed. Bonny's partisans, interestingly enough, cut sharply across all political lines. They varied, for example, from liberal James Wechsler, editor of the New York *Post*, to conservative Paul Harvey, news commentator. Wechsler, for his part, took dead aim at the ridiculous explanation of Charles Wilson, manager of the project, that "researchers at first were not too concerned" because the reactions of the "primate" were "not uncommon to *Macaca nemestrina* monkeys when placed in isolation." "I wonder," Wechsler wrote, "if Bonny ever thought of himself as a primate." Mr. Harvey, on the other hand, quoted Col. John "Shorty" Powers, prominent in our early space program, as saying flatly, "The abortive flight of Bonny was a complete and total waste of $92-million." And, Harvey himself added, "It could be that our calculated cruelty to lesser living things has contributed to our increasingly insensitive disregard of one another."

With all this, it remained for poet and playwright Gottfried Neuburger to memorialize Bonny in verse:

Just look at me, I am so small
I am but one foot tall
I've done my share and more
I've given you my very best
Please let me go and rest . . .

And they examined Bonny's heart and
lungs and head
Until they noticed—to their surprise—
that he was dead

Our column on women's rights and the Lucy Stone League brought us some well-deserved static from the left wing of women's rights—to wit:

Dear Mr. Amory,

I think in a few years the neo-women's rights movement will not be considered quite so funny as you make it in your column.

Like the black man, we're tired of the dumb jobs, too. We're tired of the low pay when one in ten families is headed by a woman. (Ever try to support five people on a bank teller's salary? A typist's? A salesclerk's?) We're tired of being told we can't do this, we can't do that. We're tired of living for and through others, and want to live for ourselves.

Is that *funny?*

Margot Champagne,
National Organization for
Women (NOW),
Hastings College of Law

Frankly, we never meant to make such broad fun—and, seriously, it was in the library of Miss Jane Grant, founder of the Lucy Stone League, that we learned for the first time that not the least of the weapons women used to get their rights was humor. In any case, we feel it would not be amiss, and might even make amends, for us to quote herewith two selections from *Are Women People?* by one of our favorite writers, the late Alice Duer Miller:

WHY WE OPPOSE VOTES FOR MEN

1) Because man's place is in the armory.
2) Because no really manly man wants to settle any question otherwise than by fighting about it.
3) Because if men should adopt peaceable methods, women will no longer look up to them.
4) Because men will lose their charm if they step out of their natural sphere and interest themselves in other matters than feats of arms, uniforms, and drums.
5) Because men are too emotional to vote. Their conduct at baseball games and political conventions shows this, while their innate tendency to appeal to force renders them peculiarly unfit for the task of government.

WHY WE OPPOSE SCHOOLS FOR CHILDREN

1) Because education is a burden, not a right.
2) Because not one-tenth of 1 per cent of the children of this country have demanded education.
3) Because if we are educated, we should have to behave as if we were, and we don't want to.
4) Because it is essentially against the nature of a child to be educated.
5) Because we can't see that it has done so much for grownups, and there is no reason for thinking it will make children perfect.
6) Because the time of children is already sufficiently occupied without going to school.
7) Because it would make dissension between parent and child. Imagine the home life of a parent who turned out to be more ignorant than his (or her) child?
8) Because we believe in the indirect education of the theater, the baseball field, and the moving picture. We believe that schools would in a great measure deprive us of this.
9) Because our parents went to school. They love us, they take care of us, they tell us what to do. We are content that they should be educated for us.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1845)

C. R(OBERT) JENNINGS:
THAT'S THE CATCH
(TO 'CATCH-22')

Mike Nichols . . . surrounds himself with droll characters who enjoy instant rapport and an affection for ironic lines, sequitur and non- . . . . Most . . . are . . . practitioners of *commedia del arte*, ever putting in question what is real and what is put-on.

From The Los Angeles Times, "West," May 18, 1969.

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Chess Corner—No. 138

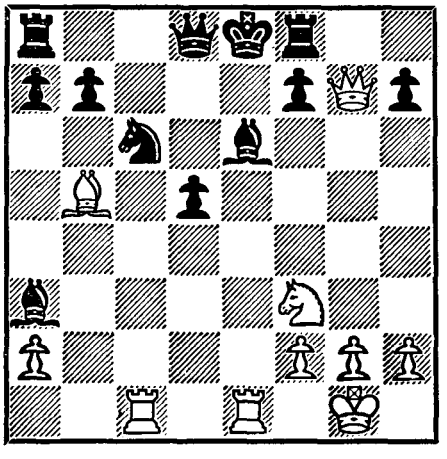
A popular diversion is fast chess. It runs a gamut of tempi, from ten seconds a move in rapid transit to a fraction of a second in blitz or lightning chess. Presently, the rage—five-minute chess—employs a clock in which the minute hand for each contestant is set five minutes before the 12 o'clock mark, and the first player to overstep his time is forfeited. The fall of a flag on the dial face of each player's timepiece is the loss signal. Thus, at this tempo a complete game cannot last more than ten minutes, though its duration may be arranged under a slower or accelerated rate to suit almost any whim or fancy.

A mechanical device with a bell or buzzer may be the means for keeping time. Or a referee may set the pace in one form of rapid transit by calling "move, one, two, three." Failure to move on time originally elicited "forfeit." But often this brought forth an argument that the move was made before the penalty was inflicted. So the two-syllable "forfeit" was changed to the one-syllable "lost."

The ensuing brilliancy was played at ten seconds per move in a master's tournament at Bognor, England, between the English expert Bruce Hayden and the Yugoslav star Rakicz.

WING GAMBIT

Hayden	Rakicz	Hayden	Rakicz
White	**Black**	**White**	**Black**
1 P-K4	P-QB4	9 QxN	N-B3
2 N-KB3	P-Q3	10 B-QN5	B-Q2
3 P-QN4	PxP	11 O-O	P-K3
4 P-Q4	P-Q4	12 P-Q5	PxP
5 PxP	N-KB3	13 R-Klch	B-K2
6 P-B4	PxPe.p.	14 QxP	R-KB1
7 NxP	NxP	15 B-R3	B-K3
8 Q-N3	NxN	16 QR-B1	BxB



17	RxN	PxR
18	BxPch	K-K2
19	RxBch	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

PLAYBOY, COMING UP

SEPTEMBER ISSUES

Do you believe there are two sides to every question? Too many people do; semanticists refer to this dysfunction of logic as the "two-valued orientation." Of course, most questions are poly-sided; much of the polarization that afflicts our society arises from two-valued thinking, a simplistic posture that breeds heat and frustration rather than reasoned illumination.

End of philosophic musings. They were engendered when we sat down to write this column and thought of the virtues of many-sided debate—as exemplified in a symposium on campus unrest and dissent, in the September issue of PLAYBOY, the longest single feature the magazine has ever published. Polar views *are* presented: S. I. Hayakawa of San Francisco State and Tom Hayden of SDS may be said to represent opposing viewpoints. But seven other participants, ranging from establishment prexies to militant *and* conservative students, also participate. We're very proud to be the publishers of this highly charged yet finally illuminating panel discussion, within which ideas are clarified and rhetoric is rubbed from long-frozen attitudes. Our closing editorial comment, at the end of this seminal discussion, reads in part as follows:

"Agreement has not been reached, but you have all done a signal service by taking time from your crowded schedules to cut through the smoke screens of acrimony and ad hominem attack in order to elucidate your positions and analyze (as each of you sees them) the causes of conflict. This, in itself, must be considered an important step toward the ultimate achievement of amity and progress to which all men of good will aspire."

* * *

The lapidary brilliance of John Updike's prose does him an odd disservice from time to time. It is so remarkable as to sometimes distract the cocktail-circuit *cognoscenti* from the intensity of feeling and profoundly compassionate understanding of which Updike is almost uniquely possessed. His stylistic elegance and his story-telling talent may be savored in this same September issue of PLAYBOY. His protagonist is a young American who is spiritually crushed by the deathly aftermath of the Mideast's Six Day War. Is Updike's "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying" a typical PLAYBOY story? Assuredly not; there is no such thing. But it may typify some of the successes that attend our continuing efforts to bring our readers the very best of contemporary writing.

* * *

The familiar metaphor for competitive upward striving in Megalopolis is the jungle, filled with ravening beasts—and with ethologists seeking to find in animal behavior parallels to the human condition. Desmond Morris, author of the best-selling "The Naked Ape," denies he is an ethologist, preferring the homelier and less voguey title of biologist. He also denies the validity of the jungle analogy; the correct animal metaphor for the behavior and life styles of big city denizens, says Morris, is the artificial and overcrowded habitat of the zoo. Read his "Status and Superstatus in the Human Zoo" in September's PLAYBOY before you go to the next preprandial gathering of the human-zoo bond-group to which you belong; your status may not zoom, but you'll be one-up on those who'll have to wait for the forthcoming book, of which PLAYBOY's article will be a section. (You may also gain new insights into the overheated strivings of your fellows, and even of yourself. We did.)

* * *

We love to talk about ourselves to people we think would enjoy our magazine but may not yet have done so. We'd love to tell you more about our September issue's other offerings: fact, fiction, cartoons, opinion, humor—and counsel, too, for we sometimes see ourselves as interpreters and mediators between the establishment and upsurging youth. But our space has run out, so we invite you to see for yourselves.

Cordially,
THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY.

P.S.: We also publish pictures of pretty girls.

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TO BE A SLAVE
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—*San Francisco Chronicle* $3.95

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Adam Clayton Powell

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BLACK CAPITALISM

Prospects and Problems

■ "To have human rights," President Nixon said during last year's Presidential campaign, "people need property rights—and never has this been more true than in the case of the Negro today. [He must have] the economic power that comes from ownership . . . a share of the wealth, and a piece of the action. And this is precisely what the central target of the new approach ought to be."

How relevant is this approach to racial problems? How vigorously has the Administration pursued it? How might progress be quickened?

The following special section, prepared with the assistance of Alfred Balk, visiting editor of the *Columbia Journalism Review*, addresses itself to these questions. In the opening article, Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League, focuses on "The Split-Level Challenge"—the need to intensify ghetto economic development while maintaining momentum toward integration. Mr. Young's recent book, *Beyond Racism*, was published by McGraw-Hill. Next, Nathan Glazer, professor of education and social structure at Harvard, discusses "The Missing Bootstrap"—how ghetto capitalism has served succeeding waves of ethnic groups, but so far has failed black Americans. The third article, "How to Even the Odds," evaluates possible government-business programs of "compensatory capitalism." Its author, New York industrialist Howard Samuels, until last January was the administrator of the Small Business Administration. Finally, Charlayne Hunter, former reporter for *The New Yorker* and NBC News, and now a staff member for *The New York Times*, reports on "The New Black Businessmen."

Black capitalism is no panacea. But neither should its social and economic significance be dismissed. As Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary Indiana, recently said: "What we must concern ourselves with is motivation . . . approaches that give the member of a minority group a meaningful stake in the system. America's a pretty good idea. Now it's time for us to try it."

—THE EDITORS.

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The Split-Level Challenge

by WHITNEY M. YOUNG, JR.

There are two infallible ways to surprise the average American when discussing race. One is to describe in any depth the Negro middle class. Seldom publicized, it has burgeoned to include doctors, lawyers, engineers, designers, editors, government officials, scientists, teachers, and businessmen—representatives in all the professions that demand skill and sophistication. Well-read, well-traveled, well-dressed, its members are among the 20 per cent of American blacks whose family income exceeds $10,000; the 40 per cent who own their own homes; the 70 per cent whose marriages are stable. In every way these Negroes are the equals—and often the superiors—of white people in those categories. Yet these are the potential neighbors whom white suburbanites "fear"; the scientists and professionals whom used-car salesmen feel will "lower the neighborhood's standards."

A second unfailing method of surprise is to portray the dimensions of deprivation in America's central cities —the rats, the odors, the hate, the despair. Walk a main street in a Negro ghetto. Here you will pass numerous marginal "mom-and-pop" stores, an occasional white-owned department store selling shoddier goods at higher prices than the big downtown establishments, boarded-up vacant shops with TO LET signs moldering from months of exposure, and knots of jobless men on stoops and street corners. Here and there is a skills training center or a new venture formed by ambitious young entrepreneurs, but by and large the scene is atypical of a booming economy. Most white Americans would associate such scenes only with the Great Depression, or played-out mining or mill towns.

The truest comparison might well be with another country—an economically underdeveloped nation. For the discrimination that has kept Negroes from the jobs, education, and skills needed in our highly advanced technological society has also created an economically deprived "nation" in the heart of our urban centers of economic power. It is against this backdrop that the place of black capitalism in ghetto development must be discussed.

The economic gap that separates white and black Americans is, despite all the efforts of recent years, *growing*. Last year, for example, amid much fanfare, the government announced that Negro family income, as a proportion of white income, rose sharply. Negro family income was now 59 per cent that of white family income, said the federal press release—a 4 per cent jump in only two years. But in 1952, Negro family income was 57 per cent that for white families—so the proportionate gain was a mere two percentage points in a decade and a half.

And the *dollar gap* between the two groups actually grew. In 1950, median white family income was $3,445; median black family income, $1,869—a dollar gap of $1,576. By 1967, after widely heralded social reforms, white income had soared to $8,318. Negro income was $4,939. And the dollar gap was now $3,379. The seriousness of this situation is sharpened when we realize that black people, to a greater degree than whites, are urbanized. Better than half of all Negroes live in central cities, compared to only a fourth of whites. City life is more expensive, and the dollar gap means a dangerously lower standard of living.

The federal government, taking into consideration living costs and standards, estimates that an urban family of four must have an income of $9,243 to maintain a "moderate standard of living." Nothing fancy, no big cars or private schools—a *moderate* standard of living. That is nearly double the median black family income. In the black ghetto, income is even below the official "lower living standard," which, for a family of four, is $5,994.

Last year, we congratulated ourselves on an overall unemployment rate of 3.6 per cent, although that figure, the lowest in fifteen years, was still triple that for countries such as Japan, Germany, and Sweden. But Negro unemployment was around 7 per cent. And that does not include people who worked part-time when they wanted to work full-time, nor those who, in bitterness and despair, simply gave up and dropped out of the job market. Special surveys of ghetto areas found unemployment rates at 9 per cent, and underemployment ranging up to half of all workers. Among black teen-agers —and the black population, with a median age of 21.7 years, is younger than the white—unemployment reached the disastrous rate of more than one out of every four!

We must also keep in mind that these are monthly averages, and behind the numbers are people—human beings, with families to support and dreams to fulfill. Typically, the actual *number* of individuals unemployed at one time during the year is triple the monthly average, so a 7 per cent unemployment average means roughly one out of five workers experienced some unemployment during the year.

These figures are grim, but they don't begin to show the true extent of the racial gap: that Negroes experience poverty at a rate triple that for whites; that black high school graduates make *less* than whites with a grade school education; that infant mortality among blacks is double that for whites; that life expectancy is shorter; that housing conditions are far inferior; that in almost every area of life in these prosperous United States, the gap between white and black in the decencies of life is vast—and growing.

But what of the future? Surely all the training programs, the increased emphasis on education, the crumbling job barriers that are allowing blacks into corporate ranks and into unions heretofore closed to them, the growing emphasis on black-owned businesses—all these recent developments will culminate in the very near future and the gap will close and, on an economic level at least, whites and blacks will be equal.

No.

Given present trends and the absence

Negro Vocational Representation

Percentage of all employees in field

Occupation	1940	1956	1966
Professional and technical	3.7	3.7	5.9
Managers, officials, proprietors	1.7	2.2	2.8
Clerical	1.2	3.8	6.3
Sales		1.8	3.1
Craftsmen and foremen	2.7	4.2	6.3
Semiskilled	5.8	11.3	12.9
Farmers and farm managers	15.2	8.5	6.1
Farm laborers and foremen	17.5	22.9	20.2

Source: U.S. Census

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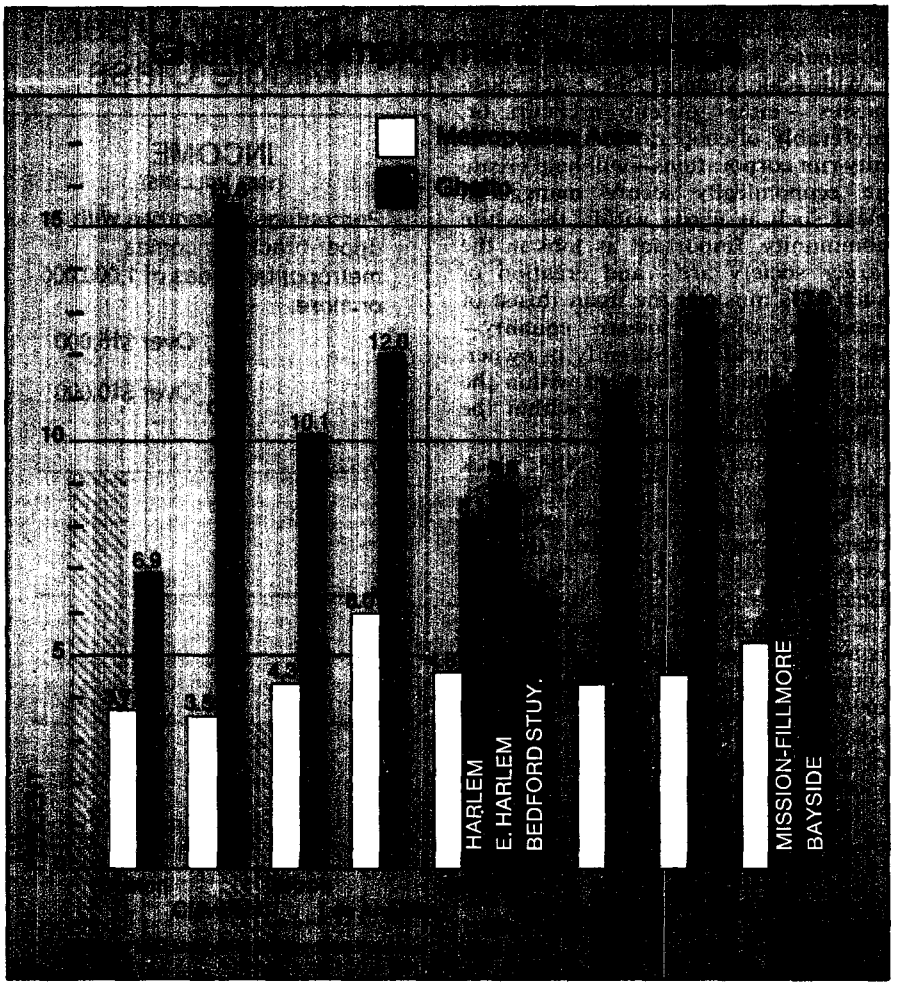
of a clear national commitment to equality, the future looks as bleak as the past.

The main reasons are that black people are concentrated in central cities, and discrimination (largely in the form of zoning laws that exclude lower-income families) keeps them out of the suburbs and disproportionately concentrated in jobs most likely to be automated out of existence in the coming decade. The Commerce Department has estimated that twenty-five of the largest metropolitan areas will lose three million jobs by 1975. More than half of all new employment in the past decade took place outside the central cities; in the larger metropolitan areas, four out of five new jobs were created in the suburbs. A Rand Corporation study projects a 20 per cent shift in employment from city to suburb by 1975, with 56 per cent of metropolitan-area jobs in the suburbs.

The composition of the job force also signals trouble. One economist has written: "If non-whites continue to hold the same proportion of jobs in each occupation, . . . the non-white unemployment rate in 1975 will be more than five times that for the labor force as a whole." Harvard economist Otto Eckstein, meanwhile, estimates that although Negroes will be 12 per cent of the 1985 work force, they will hold a smaller percentage of jobs in the professional, skilled, clerical, or sales fields—the very fields where employment is expected to grow. At the same time, he calculates, blacks will constitute a fourth of all laborers and farm workers and two of every five private household workers.

If full economic equality were achieved, there should be 1,330,000 Negro managers and proprietors; Eckstein estimates there will be only 420,000. For Negro salespeople, instead of an economic equality ratio of 830,000, he foresees fewer than half that—410,000. Instead of 2,160,000 black clerical workers, he projects only 1,510,000. Thus, while the economy expands and more jobs are created, Negroes will remain underemployed. Clearly, a massive national commitment to close the gap is mandatory. No nation can flaunt its affluence before a permanently deprived underclass and expect to survive.

Joseph Kennedy, father of the late President John F. Kennedy, said during the Depression that he would gladly part with half his fortune if he could be assured of keeping the other half in safety. Fortunately, sacrifices on such a scale are not necessary—yet. What is needed is a reallocation of resources, and a sharing of the power and the fruits of this society with those citizens now excluded from them.



Back in 1961, President Kennedy made a simple decision: the United States would land a man on the moon by the end of the decade. Plans were drawn, billions of dollars were allocated, personnel were trained—an unprecedented national effort was mounted. And now an American flag stands on the barren, crater-pocked moonscape, and the world hails the first men to walk on the surface of the moon. The same commitment is needed so that men can walk in dignity here on the barren streetscapes of the urban ghetto—a reordering of national priorities backed by dollars, jobs, schools, and housing, to bring about true equality for all American citizens.

I served on the Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress, and our report, *Technology and the American Economy*, identified more than five million new jobs that could be created in such key public service areas as health, education, safety, home care, and sanitation. These aren't make-work; they are meaningful jobs in crucial fields now starved for workers. Experiences in New Careers programs, training programs, and with the so-called hard-core unemployed indicate that the valuable human resources now wasted by a profligate society can be turned to productive uses.

It is necessary to take a split-level approach—integration and simultaneous economic development of the ghetto. Although the job-creating potential of the government and of private industry is paramount, it would be tragic to neglect the importance of building sound economic structures in the ghetto. Black people must themselves have access to capital and to industries that not only create jobs but also give the black community the power—the economic muscle—to compete on equal terms with other groups.

What black citizens — North and South—share to a degree not experienced by white Americans is an all-pervasive sense of powerlessness. A few years ago, when the Chicago Urban League surveyed the racial composition of that city's decision-makers, it concluded that "it is safe to estimate that Negroes held less than 1 per cent of the effective power in the Chicago metropolitan area." Although 28 per cent of the city's population is black, only two of the 156 top posts in the city's administration were held by blacks; a mere 227 of the 9,909 policy-making positions in the private sector were held by Negroes; and no blacks

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were in policy-making posts in the major non-financial corporations that dominate the city's economy.

Wide-scale support for black businesses — either of entrepreneurs or, preferably, of cooperative and community-run corporations—will help create an economically secure managerial class such as exists within the white community. Important as jobs in the larger society are — and creation of such jobs must be the main thrust of economic efforts toward equality—there is a pride and dignity in ownership that must be satisfied within the black community, as it is within the white.

If anything represents the black ghetto economically, it is the paucity of black-owned businesses and the marginal existence of those that do exist. A recent study by the Small Business Administration found that the "typical" minority-owned business is a one-man personal service or retail shop in the central city that has $20,000 or less in annual sales. About a third were family-run stores, and only one of ten black-run businesses employed more than ten workers.

In New York, one out of forty whites owns his own business; only one out of a thousand Negroes does. Newark, with a black majority, has only 10 per cent of its businesses owned by blacks. Once again the situation is worsening. Between 1950 and 1960, while the total number of businesses was increasing, Negro business ownership declined by 20 per cent. Forty years ago there were forty-nine Negro-owned banks in thirty-eight cities; now there are twenty in nineteen cities.

There are many ways in which this gap might be closed. Credit and insurance remain among the biggest problems for the black businessman. Banking and insurance "pools" can solve this by spreading the risk thinly among participating companies. Federal assistance to ghetto businesses should be greatly increased, and training and management-consulting services provided. Government at all levels can stimulate the development of strong, job-producing industries through loans and contracts that guarantee to buy products and services.

In *Beyond Racism* I proposed development of community corporations—Neighborhood Development Corporations—funded by a National Economic Development Bank financed by government-backed bonds bought, in part, by federally insured financial institutions. It is important that these new ghetto industries be just that—industries that create jobs and power and not just marginal hand-to-mouth retail operations.

Private business has an important role. It has the expertise, the resources, and the power to help build a healthy ghetto economy. I would like to see a self-imposed tithe of 2 per cent of net corporate profits *invested* in ghetto enterprises to be operated and eventually owned by blacks. This would create a development fund of more than $2-billion a year in new factories, marketing facilities, professional services, or guaranteed purchases of goods on a subcontracting basis. It is done every day in other fields; subsidiaries are created and then spun off. Why not in the ghetto?

Appropriate tax and regulatory legislation could also free more of the $1-*trillion* in lendable assets of banks, savings and loan associations, and insurance companies. If only a fraction of these funds were made available for ghetto-based economic development corporations, the poverty-stricken ghetto could become a thing of the past.

I hope that the cynicism that pervades so much of modern life has not yet grown to exclude the demands of common morality. The black man was brought to these shores in chains, enslaved for 250 years, kept in peonage for most of the past hundred years, and now suffers disproportionately in all areas of life. Common decency demands that this situation be changed. The growing anger of the black masses, especially among the younger people who see through the hypocrisy of this society, will not lessen unless such a national commitment is swiftly implemented. Countering such protest with increased repression can only fan the flames of anger and eventually lead to the kind of police-state that will enslave all Americans.

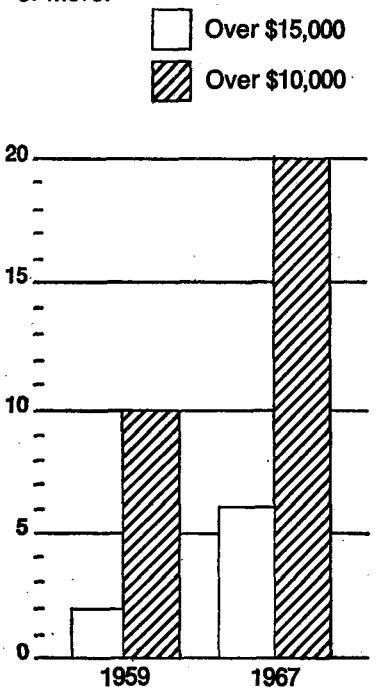
Those in this morally underdeveloped nation who do not readily respond to the demands of conscience may be more responsive to self-interest. The black minority, disproportionately disadvantaged as it is, constitutes a huge market that cannot be ignored. Negroes earn about $30-billion, form up to 50 per cent of the total consumer market for certain goods, and will be in the majority in about a dozen major cities well before 1980. Economic equality would mean enlarging this market by about $25-billion, and it would also mean the creation of a stable urban middle class.

Our economy can ignore this huge market and the implications of equality only at its peril. The question really becomes: Does a society dominated by white-run institutions have any kind of future in a world that is three-fourths non-white? And can a business-oriented society survive when its major centers of power and commerce are populated by poverty-stricken, angry black majorities?

The New Urban Middle Class

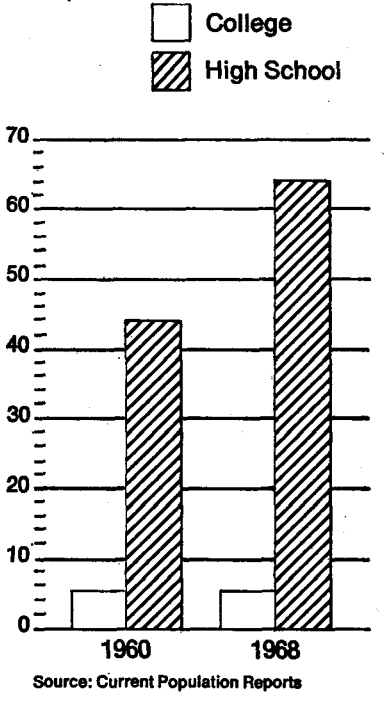
INCOME
(1967 DOLLARS)

Percentage of Negroes with upper-bracket incomes, metropolitan areas of 1,000,000 or more.



EDUCATION

Percentage of Negroes in metropolitan areas who have completed:



Source: Current Population Reports

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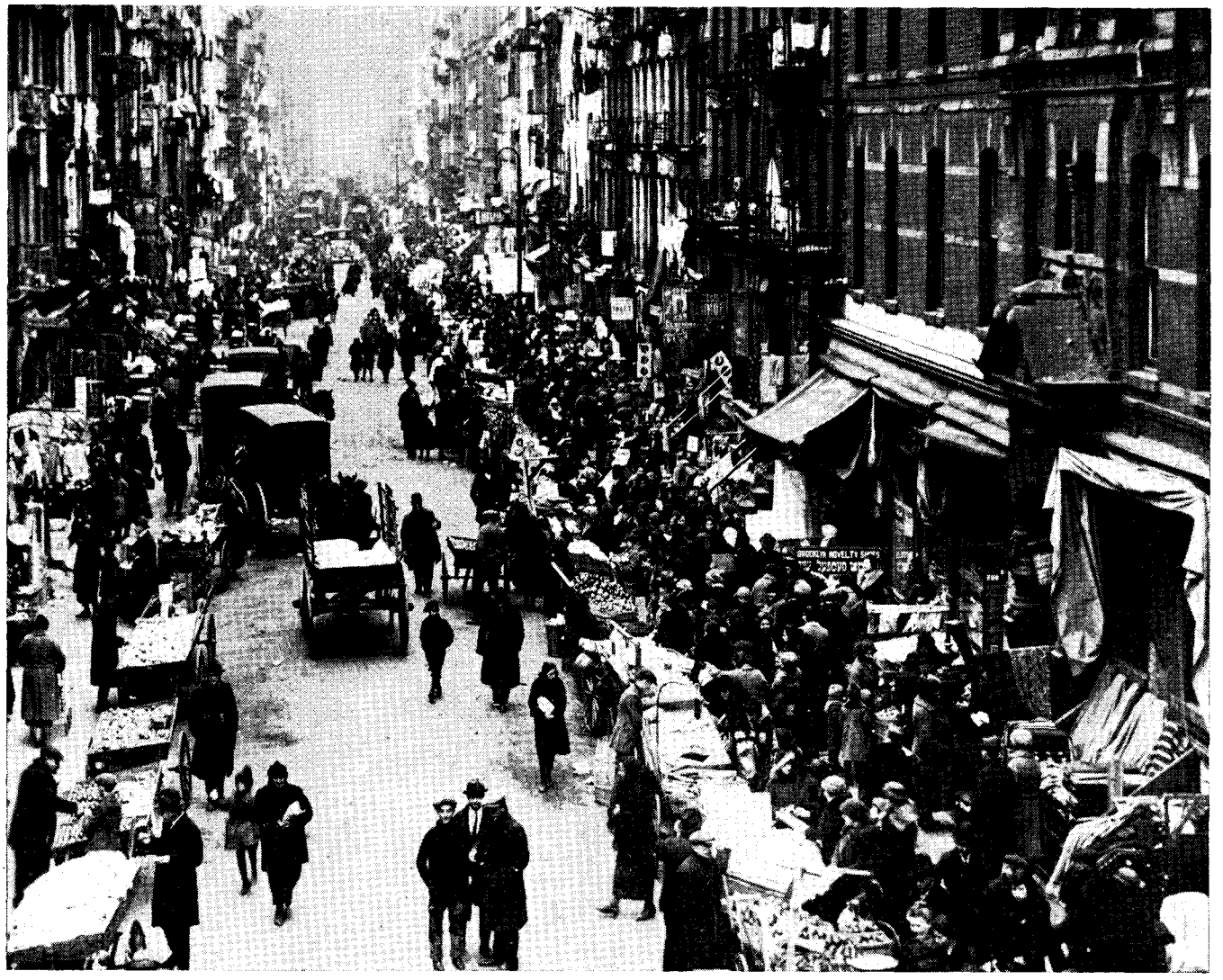

New York's Lower East Side, early 1900s—"an interacting and integrated set of ethnic subeconomies."

The Missing Bootstrap

by NATHAN GLAZER

Ten years ago, when I was working on *Beyond the Melting Pot*, a study of the ethnic groups of New York City, I was struck (as many had been before me) by the absence of Negro business in the major areas of Negro settlement — Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, South Bronx, and even in the somewhat more middle-class Negro areas of Jamaica. If one viewed the Negroes as another major wave of immigrants to the city, this was perhaps the most striking difference between them and earlier waves —German, Irish, Jewish, Italian—and even the other major contemporary wave, the Puerto Ricans. Perhaps the Irish came closest to the Negroes in their aversion to opening—or inability to open—small businesses to serve their communities, but even the drought of businesses owned by members of their ethnic community could not compare with the desert of Negro ghetto areas.

In addition, each of these communities—including the Irish—had developed economic specialties in the form of small businesses which served the rest of the community. These specialties can still be observed for even the most assimilated immigrant groups; the Irish provided saloons for the rest of the community, the Jews delicatessens, the Italians their own distinctive restaurants, fruit stores, fish stores.

But these most visible lines of business were perhaps the least important of the "ethnic specialties" whereby ethnic groups, dominant or prominent in a given trade, provided services to the entire community and thus became part of an interacting and integrated set of ethnic subeconomies. Thus, the Irish, for various reasons, became dominant in port services. Jews became dominant in the needle trades, where they replaced the Germans and the English. Italians

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became important in construction and buildings. Smaller communities were even more specialized: Armenians in the wholesale and retail rug trade, Chinese in laundries and restaurants.

This was a fascinating pattern that reminded one of those complex economies of India and Eastern Europe where each caste (in India) or each ethnic group (in Eastern Europe) takes up, or is limited to, distinctive occupations. Of course, the United States was far more open. What we had—and have—here was only a distant evocation of those far more rigid and stratified societies. But each of these specialties played a more important role for ethnic groups in the United States than simply providing a livelihood, and this is why the absence of specialties in the Negro community impressed me as serious.

There were at least a half-dozen important functions that the much despised small businessman performed. These functions were not often noted, because the small businessman was generally a figure of comedy. He had respect nowhere—except in his own community. The small businessman was attacked as *petit bourgeois* by socialists; ignored by government (even the so-called Small Business Administration); ridiculed by intellectuals, who seemed to agree with Napoleon that "a nation of shopkeepers" could not be taken seriously; relegated to an outdated past by economists; and he was, in addition, regularly wiped out by bankruptcy. But he did perform important functions.

First, small businessmen were—had to be—independent. They had to know a good deal—about prices and markets, about credit and banking, about customers and buyers, about the cop on the beat and the local politician who could help them or ruin them, about their own community that provided their primary market, or even if it did not, provided advice, loans, and manpower. They thus supplied to the community a core of knowledgeable people with a broader horizon and greater knowledge—even if without any larger formal education—than workers. They could speak for the community, intercede for it, and even, by their actions, educate it. The small businessman, it is true, was often immersed in his business, putting in longer hours than the worker. But it is my impression that the children of small businessmen, who often "helped out," knew more and had greater competence than the children of workers.

Second, the small businessman, even if he did not become rich, had a chance of becoming affluent. And as he became affluent, his money helped not only himself and his family but his community. He could put his children through college and buy a house, but he could also be tapped for contributions to community causes, and he could—eventually, if he were successful—devote his own time and abilities to community work.

Third, the small businessman often provided a network of jobs and opportunities for other members of the community. Thus, he would generally take into the business his own children or the children of relatives. He would use lawyers and accountants from his own community. He would buy from friends and relatives. His own enterprise thus often helped support salesmen, clerks, lawyers, contractors, etc.

Fourth, because of current American tax practices, he had an opportunity to become more affluent than was suggested by the moderate enterprise he ran. I am not implying concealing income from the government, though this, I assume, is quite common and is easily enough done—something that the worker or salaried man cannot do. But there are also business expenses, which for people not in business are often the ordinary expenses of keeping alive, that cause an extra flow of income. It is always surprising to see how high a standard of living a small establishment can yield. When I saw the movie *Goodbye, Columbus*, I wondered if the elaborate scale of living of the Patimkins could be maintained by that simple plumbing supply business, and checked with relatives in business. They assured me that this was no flaw in the movie; it was both possible and common.

Fifth, the businessman builds up an equity, often impossible on a salary that is quite comparable to or even greater than what the businessman draws from his enterprise. The equity makes him a capitalist, with all the opportunities of that status. He may be permanently strapped for cash though worth tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars, but he has a base on which he can borrow, make use of other people's money, and become rich.

Sixth, the business enterprise, specialized for each ethnic community, serves as a means whereby that community can develop and maintain ties that bind members together and make them effective for joint action. For in addition to the ties of sentiment, ties of common interest are created. *The New York Times* has recently reported on the Armenian community in New York, which is held together by strong ties of history, ethnic culture, and religion. But as strong as these is the rug business—importing, wholesaling, and retailing—that forms another link between many Armenians. The history of the Jews of the United States is strongly bound up with the history of the clothing industry. It was through that industry, in which Jews dominated as workers and as entrepreneurs, that Jewish socialism and Jewish trade unions de-

Our First Black Businessmen

By 1820, the Negro population of Philadelphia was 11,891, and it had about $250,000 worth of property. An Englishman visiting the city in 1823 reported that a few Negroes in business had amassed fortunes, and that they were engaged in almost all the branches of business pursued by whites. . . . One thing to remember is that Negroes in Philadelphia did not live in a ghetto until about the 1890s. They served the general populace; they competed with white merchants.

A series of riots directed chiefly against Negroes started in 1829, recurred frequently until about 1840, and did not cease until after the Civil War. . . . In 1836, Negroes were deprived of the right to vote in Philadelphia. This apparently had its effect, because the number of Negro businesses decreased from 344 in 1838 to 111 in 1849. . . . From what we have been able to determine, there were probably fewer than twenty-five affluent Negro businessmen in Philadelphia in the entire generation preceding the Civil War.

After World War I, segregation patterns grew worse rather than better. . . . The Depression, of course, took its toll. . . . Thus, after a promising start in enterprise, the Negro as a businessman suffered. . . . One is reminded of George Bernard Shaw's observation in the introduction to *Man and Superman*: "We laugh at the haughty American nation, because it makes the Negro clean its boots, and then proves the moral and physical inferiority of the Negro by the fact that he is a shoeblack."

—Eugene P. Foley, in *Daedalus*, Winter 1966.

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San Francisco's Chinatown—"ties that bind members together and make them effective for joint action."

veloped strength—with various cultural and political offshoots—down to the long-lived and surprisingly influential Liberal Party. The industries in which Jews were numerous became the means later of organizing Jewish entrepreneurs to raise money for Jewish needs.

Theodore L. Cross, in his interesting and informed book *Black Capitalism* [see review, page 33], emphasizes this, and points out that young blacks now junior executives in big corporations might be better off in their own businesses. I made a similar point in *Beyond the Melting Pot*; I argued that because the Jews were kept out of the big corporations they became more affluent. Many were forced to open their own businesses, which, though lacking the glamour of big corporations, formed the base for making many of them rich. Better a small plumbing contractor than a junior executive in a big plumbing supply factory.

Historically Negroes have not always shown the smallest participation in business of any group in the country (except perhaps for American Indians), nor always had the weakest business tradition. They engaged in various forms of small business in the late 1800s (see box). W.E.B. Du Bois, for example, has recorded the prominence of Negroes in catering in Philadelphia. (By 1899, however, when he wrote *The Philadelphia Negro*, they had already lost their position; they lost their foothold in barbershop proprietorship, too.) White immigrants replaced them in these positions. Undoubtedly, American white prejudices played a major role in this replacement. The newcomers also may have provided a better product at a lower price. In any case, Negro absence from business has been marked since the turn of the century, and their heavy northward immigration and the creation of black ghettos did nothing to reverse the trend, even though a market was available, and in large measure a captive market. Where the market was truly captive, Negroes did dominate it—undertaking, beauty parlors, life insurance for Negroes, and, for a while, community newspapers. But the recent report by Urban America and the Urban Coalition, *One Year Later—An Assessment of the Nation's Response to the Crisis Described by the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders*, in noting that "blacks own and operate less than 1 per cent of the five million private businesses in the country," describes a situation that has barely changed in fifty years.

The reasons for this depressing record are not fully clear. Very high up we must put discrimination — in getting leases, bank credit, supplier credit, insurance, and the other necessities for business existence. Non-English-speaking immigrants, however, also faced discrimination, if not as intense. In addition, they faced a language barrier. One must add, if one is to understand the situation, the complex influences of culture—or, more simply put, historical experience and its residue.

Certain peoples have taken to trade and business with a facility far greater than that shown by others. The Chinese became businessmen in countries as various as Indonesia, Burma, Malaya, and the United States. Indians of certain language groups trade all over

(*Continued on page* 56)

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How to Even the Odds

Washington, D. C., service station proprietor Miles M. Godfrey—"The doors to private ownership must be open."

by HOWARD SAMUELS

"Mr. Man's" new clothing store on 14th Street in the heart of Washington's black district was a model for black capitalism. The owner had a loan from a Washington bank, 90 per cent of it guaranteed by the Small Business Administration. He had some business experience working in a menswear store. Seasoned businessmen who knew something about retailing clothes for men had offered advice on purchasing, display, inventory, bookkeeping. The store opened in a flourish of publicity as one of the first new businesses to spring phoenix-like from the ruins of the riots a few months before.

Two days later, a gang of young blacks on a looting spree broke in and carried out everything but eight shirts. They simply had not believed, it turned out, that one of theirs could really be in a sophisticated business for himself without in some way being in cahoots with "whitey." Their disbelief was understandable. Of 28,000 businesses in Washington, only 2,000 are owned by blacks, and half of those are beauty parlors and barbershops. In a city nearly two-thirds black, there simply isn't a black business community worth talking about.

Across the country the story is the same. Business simply hasn't been something bright young blacks thought about. They had no business heritage or orientation. The great majority of families had a rural, small-town background: It is only since World War II that America's blacks have become primarily city people. The "upward mobile" blacks have headed for teaching, law, and government, where they have supplemented the white community, not competed with it. Even if the business world had appealed to them, it still seemed beyond reach.

Today the potential is there. The black population is better educated. Many black managers of white-owned stores are ready for the next step. Disposable income among blacks has grown. It is still a long way from parity, but enough for some blacks to have saved a little capital and to start thinking about their own businesses.

The blacks can become owners and operators of substantial businesses—with the right help. Not that black capitalism is the answer to economic inequality. Jobs are still where the great impact must be. But to bring blacks into the main thrust of the American economy will take a mix of jobs, education, professional training, and business ownership. At least the doors to private ownership—the "piece of the action" both Presidential candidates talked about last year—must be open if the minorities are to feel they have a stake in American society.

Black capitalism is as essential to the community as it is to the blacks themselves. Without it, the inner city will never be rebuilt. White-owned businesses are having an increasingly hard time surviving in black districts of our major cities; the sons of white owners of jewelry shops and drugstores are not going to carry on even if they could. Yet, there is good business to be

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done in the inner city. Rising income among blacks means more to spend on goods and services. Given decent stores, blacks would prefer to do business in their own neighborhoods if only out of convenience. Some of the best business opportunities in the next decade lie in the modern retail store and in the potential growth of service and construction businesses there.

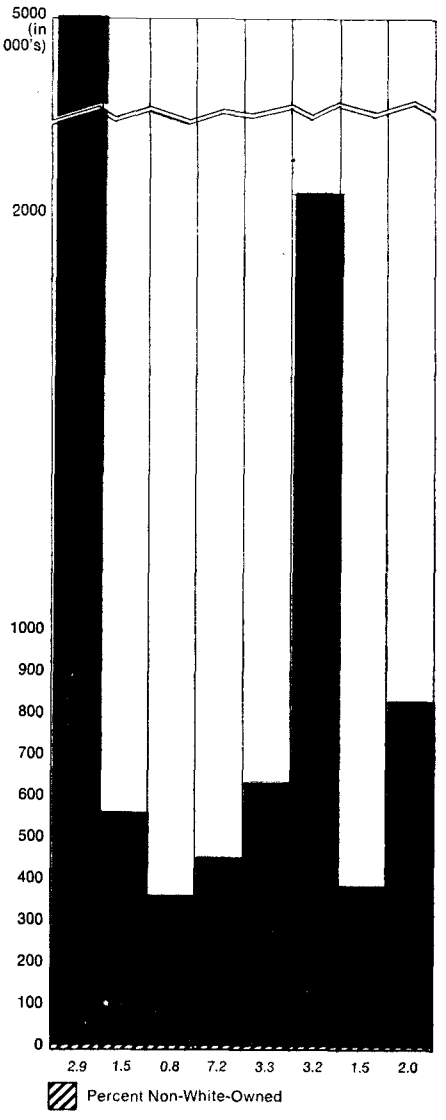
In construction, for example, where small firms predominate, annual volume is expected to increase from $105-billion to $180-billion in the next ten years. To meet this demand, more than 200,000 new firms will be required. Non-whites now comprise at least 10 per cent of the 250,000 self-employed in the industry and 7.4 per cent of the 2,800,000 craftsmen—a ready pool from which to draw. The current Housing and Urban Development Act, moreover, calls for construction of twenty-six million units, six million of them low-income, and by law construction is, to the greatest extent feasible, to be by inner-city residents. The prospects for progress in this field, then, are bright.

Black capitalism may well be the least expensive way for society to help the black upgrade himself economically. Relatively little risk capital, even if subsidized in some way by government acceptance of higher risks in granting loans, can help establish thousands of businesses that provide jobs, income for the owners, and a healthy addition to the gross national product.

When I became head of the Small Business Administration with a mandate from President Johnson to establish a meaningful program of black capitalism, I was shocked to find how little government had done, and how badly fragmented government programs were. SBA had experimented with pilot programs, but their impact had been minor; of $800-million in SBA-backed loans the previous year, only $30-million had gone into black and Spanish-American businesses. The Commerce Department had a little project going that succeeded mainly in establishing dry cleaning stores in Washington. There was some effort in the Economic Development Administration, which is oriented primarily to depressed areas, to foster black enterprise, but that was really incidental. (The new Administration recently found "116" federal programs affecting black enterprise that needed a lot of "coordinating," but nobody ever produced a list, and it is difficult to find what they are.)

If black capitalism is going to succeed, it must begin with creative government leadership. The resources, the talent, and the drive are in the private sector. But unless government takes the initiative in channeling them, in stimulating total community involvement, not much is going to happen.

Non-White-Owned Businesses: 1969



Source: Interracial Council for Business Opportunity
Industry distribution and ownership ratios estimated, based principally upon Census "Non-White" occupational and industry data.

What is needed is a four-pronged attack:

► Financial institutions must provide the capital. Only they have lending talents and resources.

► The established business community must help with management assistance. This kind of management help must come from practical, experienced businessmen in their own field of expertise.

► The black community must help identify the potentially successful businessman, stimulate interest in business ownership, and supply the initiative and the drive.

► The government must do the planning, draw up the blueprint, make decisions on what will work and what won't, be the goad and the catalyst. It must also provide the financial backing for enterprises that entail more than the normal amount of risk.

Although government overlording is neither necessary nor desirable, it still takes government leadership to crystallize a program, and salesmanship to mobilize the resources of the private sector. Timid, badly organized, halfhearted thrusts and parries are bound to fail, for the blacks have seen too much of that in other spheres. Winning credibility among the blacks is an essential, intangible key to success.

The first need is for capital, and there is only one main source for that —the private banks. In late 1968, budget reductions cut by more than half the available direct government loan money. But direct loans by government may be neither necessary nor efficient. By working with American bankers and by visiting bankers in forty cities we in the Small Business Administration were able to increase overall SBA loans by 10 per cent, and loans to minorities by 400 per cent, in the last quarter of 1968. Many banks today are willing to make loans if the risk, which is greater than with normal business loans, is minimized by government guarantees. The more enlightened banks—and there are enough of them to matter—see investment in black business as essential for both goodwill and profit in cities where increasingly the customers are black.

But loans to minorities must be made on a different basis than other business loans. The expectable loss rate for regular bank loans is less than half of 1 per cent. The SBA, which was designed to supply capital for business ventures considered too risky by private banks, traditionally takes about a 3 per cent loss ratio. But the expectable loss with minority loans, by SBA experience, is approximately 12 per cent.

The banks, of course, cannot be asked to risk that kind of loss. But SBA has the authority to guarantee a virtually unlimited number of loans, up to 90 per cent. The bank cannot lose more than 10 per cent on any given loan. So even with 12 per cent loan loss in new minority businesses, no individual bank would take unreasonable risk.

This approach, which I call "compensatory capitalism," of infusing extra capital into black business—just as we today spend extra money in ghetto schools to compensate for past neglect—is essential if any real progress is to be made. The standards for black loans simply have to be more liberal. It is disturbing to hear recent Adminis-

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tration talk of making only "quality" loans, of cutting the loss rate. If the loans are "quality," the banks will make them themselves.

Within the banking community, too, some change in attitude is required. Not enough bankers know how to judge black loan applicants who come from a different world. Some forward-looking banks have designated certain loan officers who have some rapport with the black community to receive all applications for black business loans. Others have required a top-level decision before any black application is turned down, to make sure a loan officer in the lower ranks is not discouraging valid business undertakings—considering the new criteria.

But capital is only the start. There aren't many graduates of Harvard Business School among minority businessmen. They need expert management assistance to get over the first hurdles of entrepreneurship. The management assistance can't come from college professors or government bureaucrats, either. It must come from experienced businessmen.

This makes problems. It means asking businessmen not for money, but for time. Most of the businessmen who can extend some help are white. Not many are capable of relating to a fledgling black businessman without being patronizing. But people with goodwill and sensitivity can be found—and have been. It also takes some reciprocity on the part of the black entrepreneur, a willingness to recognize that the only management assistance available in any quantity is in the white community, and that help must be accepted as well as offered with some allowance for human failings.

Management assistance needs to be organized industry by industry at a national level, with detailed plans as to how this is to be executed at local levels. Plans must be formulated for drugstores, supermarkets, auto dealerships, clothing stores, shopping centers, nursing homes, shoe stores, and every major growth retail and service industry, as well as for manufacturing spin-off plants and the construction industry. This cannot be accomplished by fragmented governmental endeavor. The effort to organize business costs little money—it only requires imaginative leadership.

Trade associations can be called on as one source of help. The Menswear Retailers Association and the National Tire Dealers and Retreaders Association have been highly effective in finding members willing to help new businesses. Other trade associations can be organized on a systematic basis. In Houston, a group of accountants got together and ran a course in the elements of bookkeeping for new businessmen started with SBA loans. That kind of effort can be duplicated in many other ways.

By far the most promising approach to management assistance is through the growing field of franchising—chicken parlors, ice cream stands, auto dealerships. Out of thousands of auto dealerships in the country only a handful are owned by blacks. Gas stations are a natural, yet few are black-owned. Franchising offers an ideal system of built-in management aid, e.g., helping the owner apply for his loan, picking a site, preparing advertising, learning inventory. The outlets need not only be in black communities; there is no reason why a black-owned muffler repair shop or shoe store cannot be perfectly viable in the suburbs.

Besides capital and management assistance, the third great need is to get the black community involved. "Outreach" is needed to find and develop potential entrepreneurs. The bright assistant manager at the supermarket who needs only some capital and a little more management training to go into business is not always standing outside the door of the bank. Organizations such as CORE, the Urban League, NAACP, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, even the churches, can help identify them. In a few cities excellent black business groups already exist—for example, Chicago's Economic Corporation and Detroit's ICBIF—that can be tapped as the black arm of a government-private program for black capitalism.

From the very beginning—from the first conceptualization—some kind of black advisory council at a national level should be intimately involved to make sure that any black capitalism program is on the right track. At SBA we formed both a black and a Spanish-American national advisory council on economic development. The black advisory council included black business leaders as well as public figures such as Gary Mayor Richard Hatcher, Massachusetts Senator Edward W. Brooke, Dick Gregory, Jackie Robinson, and Hosea Williams. The council was instrumental in gaining cooperation with the black community and was helpful in developing plans. Unfortunately, the Nixon Administration has largely ignored these advisory councils.

Putting the whole package together takes a systematic approach. The potential must be evaluated, a basic plan formulated, missions assigned, goals set, and performance demanded. But government, to be an effective mobilizer, must change its own ways of thinking, just as banks and the white business community must change theirs. And government changes slowly.

Having come from the world of industry, my experience at SBA impressed on me how much resistance the bureaucracy can muster. But there are many dedicated people at SBA, particularly at top level; without their professional competence and enthusiasm nothing could move. And movement there was. After a couple of months of thinking, consulting with bankers, with business and black leaders, a plan called "Project Own" was announced last August along the lines described here. A goal was set of increasing the number of loans going into black businesses from the prevailing annual rate of 1,700 to 10,000 the first year, 20,000 the next. At that rate, within a decade, the "ownership gap" between blacks and whites could be substantially, significantly narrowed. In fact, by January 1969, the monthly loan rates were on target. In six months, the rate of loans to minorities had tripled to a rate of 5,000 a year. However, there has been no increase since; the loan level has remained about the same as in the last quarter of 1968.

To increase loans takes constant prodding, pushing, promoting, slashing through red tape and roadblocks—sometimes with a heavy hand. One of the first anomalies to come to my attention was that SBA was forbidden, by an old executive order, from providing loans for liquor stores. Yet, in the ghettos, liquor stores are among the most profitable businesses. The SBA rule only insured that they would be owned by whites, since blacks could not get the financing. Changing the executive order was easy. But it was not long before I heard from several angry Congressmen from the Bible Belt.

SBA had hard hoeing in establishing credibility in the black community. On an early visit to Los Angeles, where I met with a random group of black leaders and businessmen, skepticism was rampant. They had been turned down too often. Where they came from, I was told, SBA meant "Stop Black

Capital Required for Small Businesses

Grocery stores/ $15,000-$40,000
Men's and boy's apparel/ $25,000-$40,000
Women's accessories and specialty stores/$5,000 up
Household appliances/$25,000 for sales volume of $100,000
TV, radio repair/$6,000 for small stores, $10,000 for service and products
Auto repair shops, garages/$10,000-$30,000 (franchise)

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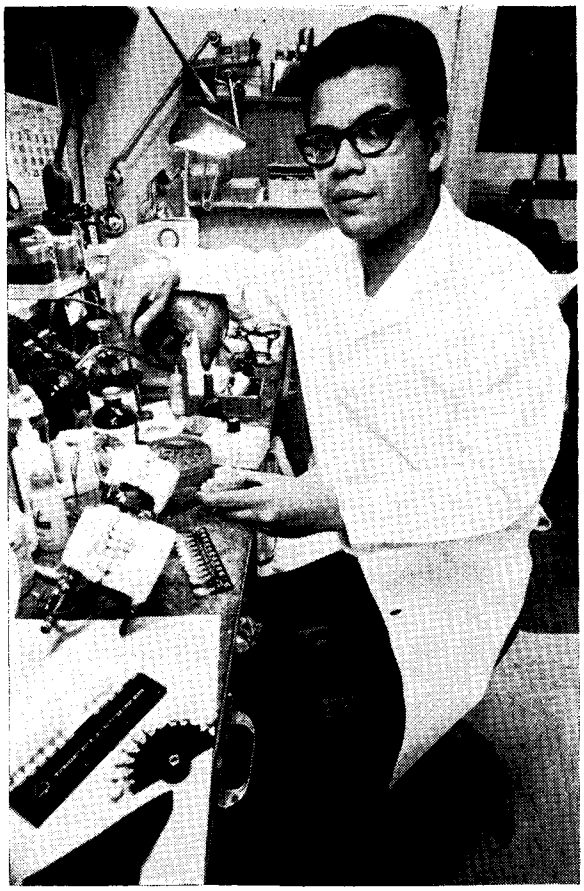
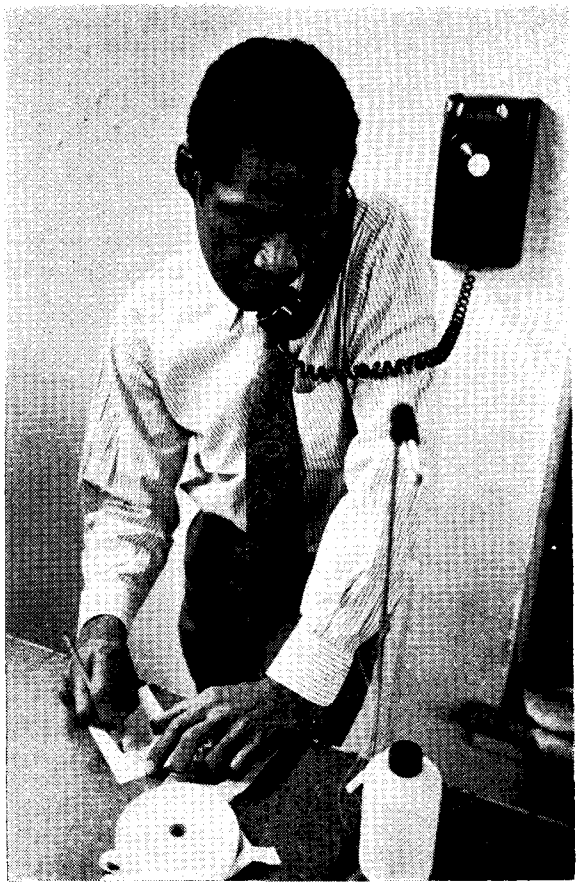
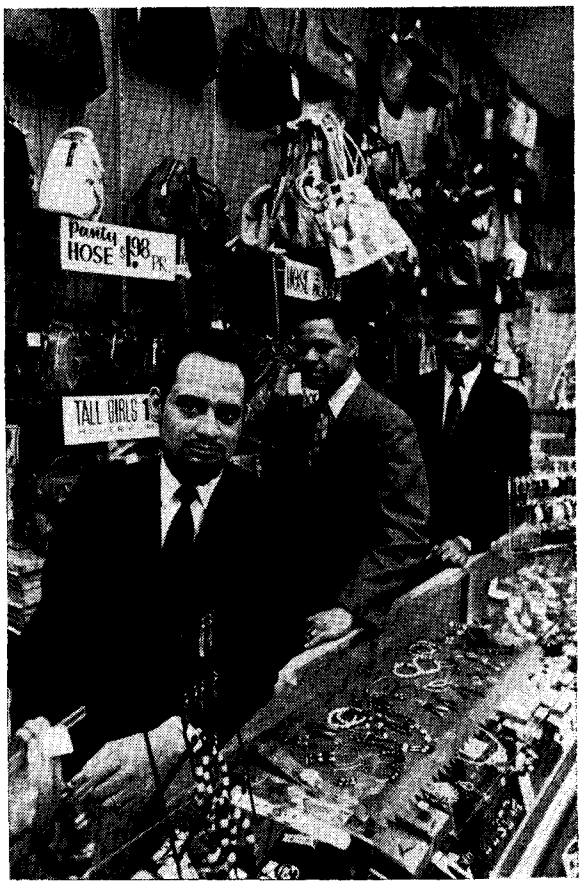




Owners of new minority enterprises set up with the aid of the Interracial Council for Business Opportunity—(above left) Walter Oyala in his Spartan Dental Laboratory; (above right) Edgar Worrell of Kelly, Worrell, Simons, men's custom tailors; (below left) George Hill of the Mabhill Hardware Company; (below right) Reginald Hart of the Hart Shoe Store.



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Advancement." I could only promise that a new breeze was blowing.

Turning a government agency around is far different from revitalizing a business. To start, it's harder to fire the "plant manager." My attempts to displace the area administrator for New York demonstrate this. After a systematic study of results from various areas, it was found that New York, despite its relatively sophisticated black and Puerto Rican populations, ranked seventh out of eight districts in SBA support for minority businessmen. The area administrator had little ability to deal with the program goals. But he was a special friend of the Congressman who controls SBA's appropriations—New York Democrat John Rooney. Since civil service regulations made his removal impossible, I transferred him to Washington. His transfer infuriated the Congressman. One of the first acts of the new Administration was to restore the area administrator to his old post.

The agency also had to do some rethinking about the basis for making loans. Usually, a businessman was required to put up 50 per cent. If black businessmen had to meet that standard, there would be few black loans. The principle of compensatory capitalism was brought to bear, and when it appeared that the applicant had the potential to succeed in business, the requirement for cash was lowered to 15 per cent.

There were other problems for government, such as how to reach out to the ghettos. Blacks won't go down to an SBA office on Wall Street to apply for a loan; there they neither feel welcome nor expect to get an even break. The only way to reach the black community is to set up agency offices in their neighborhoods.

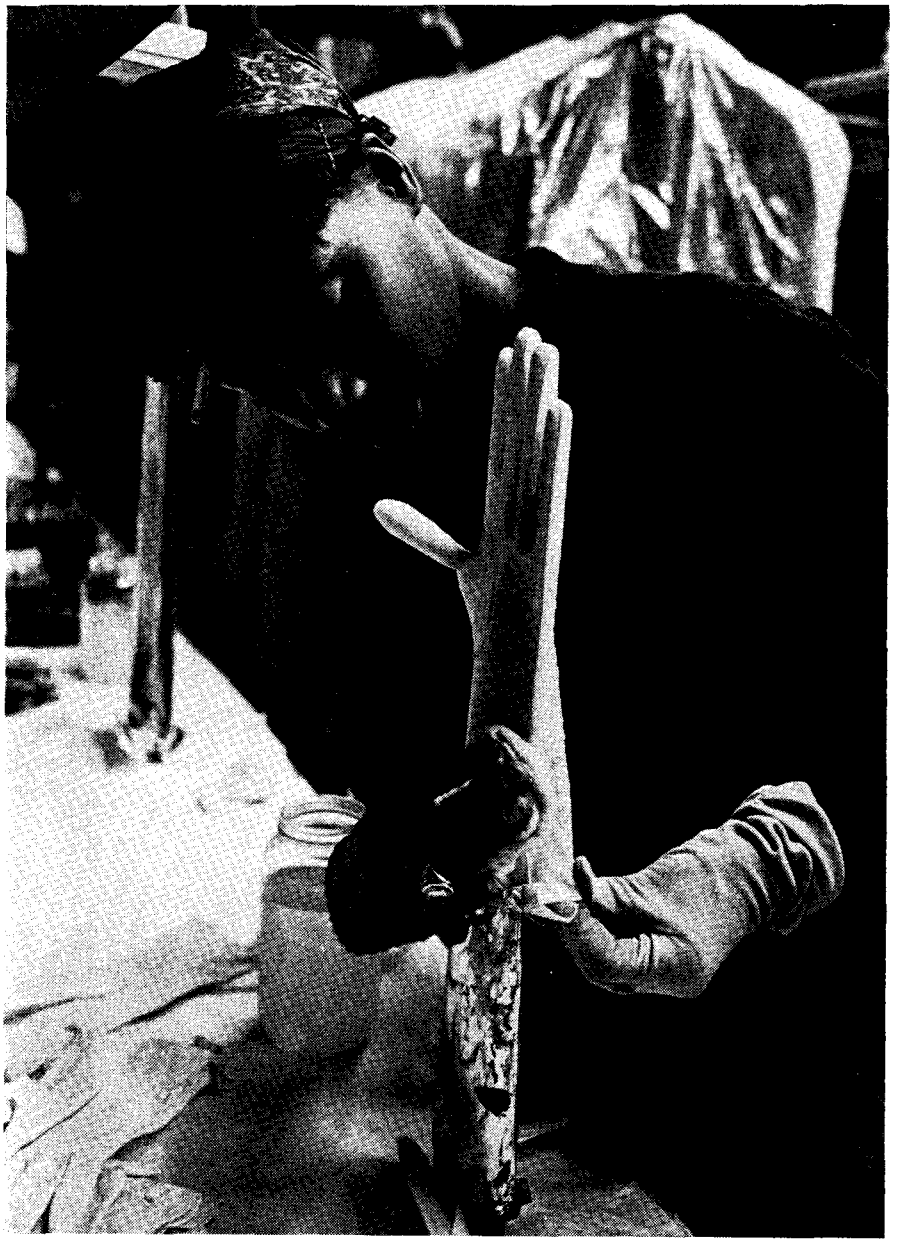
To get the movement out of government that is required, the commitment must come from the top. Money for pieces of a program is scattered through several agencies: training money in the Department of Labor, local action funds in the poverty program, plant location and technical services money in the Department of Commerce. Only the White House has the authoritative voice to get the different agencies working together; it can't be done from a "coordinating" office in the Department of Commerce, as the present setup suggests.

In the end, although strong central leadership is required, a program of this type must be carried out at the local level with local enthusiasm and imagination. The pieces may be there —banks willing to make the loans, government ready to guarantee them, established businesses ready to extend management assistance, community groups able to ferret out potential owners—but somebody must put them together. A local coordinator, perhaps a successful businessman, might be the "packager" who can get the business community involved, spark minority groups into action, make suggestions for government participation —not unlike the organization of the National Alliance of Businessmen.

Stimulation of private business and banks to participate cannot be accomplished by local SBA offices alone. There must be a major local leader with the power to organize community support, plus an ability to work jointly with leaders of the minority communities. Upon my leaving the SBA, plans were left with the Nixon Administration for strategies and organizational structuring similar to the National Alliance of Businessmen, which has been successful in getting the private sector involved in hiring the hard-core unemployed.

Bringing the black man into the free enterprise system is both morally and economically essential for the country. It can be done only by a nation committed to this goal; only with a combination of efforts by government, financial institutions, the business community, and the black community itself. The President committed himself to this objective in his campaign. Its accomplishment would cost no more than 4 per cent of our space program, and would not be as difficult. It would cost 10 per cent of the expense of maintaining 300,000 troops in Europe twenty-four years after World War II.

The question is no longer whether government *can* perform, but whether government *will* perform.



Skilled hands at work at the Cameo Suede and Leather Company—"Bringing black citizens into the free enterprise system is both morally and economically essential."

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The New Black Businessmen

Chicago auto dealer Albert Johnson—"the first black among the 18,000 holders of GM new-car franchises."

by CHARLAYNE HUNTER

Over the years, the most profitable legitimate businesses in black communities have been small-capital, personal-service enterprises. A few dozen blacks have become millionaires in business—for example, Chicagoan John H. Johnson, publisher of *Ebony*, *Jet*, *Negro Digest*, and other magazines, and Asa T. Spaulding, founder of the multimillion-dollar North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company in Durham. But, on the whole, horizons for black-owned businesses have been limited by the axiom, "If a product doesn't cost more than a dollar and a quarter, you probably can get it in the black community."

Only in recent years have these horizons widened. One reason is new habits rooted in an emphasis on black pride. A decrease in hair straightening, for instance, has created demand for products for the "new hair" styles (the Afros and the Naturals), as well as having fostered production of plastic and wooden Afro combs, dashikis, and "natural" cosmetics. In addition, since late 1967 the government has shifted from a policy of full employment to a more expansive notion of economic development, with a resultant interest on the part of large white-owned businesses in relocating or establishing black ghetto branches; in new profit-sharing plans, some of which proffered stock shares to new employees; in franchising local dealerships; and in community-wide development corporations.

As a result, there are a variety of new paths into business for the Negro. The Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation, for one, co-founded by the late Robert F. Kennedy in a Brooklyn ghetto, is now perhaps the most publicized large community corporation. It reports having helped launch thirty-two new black-owned businesses ranging from building services and manufacturing to New York State's first black-owned new-car dealership.

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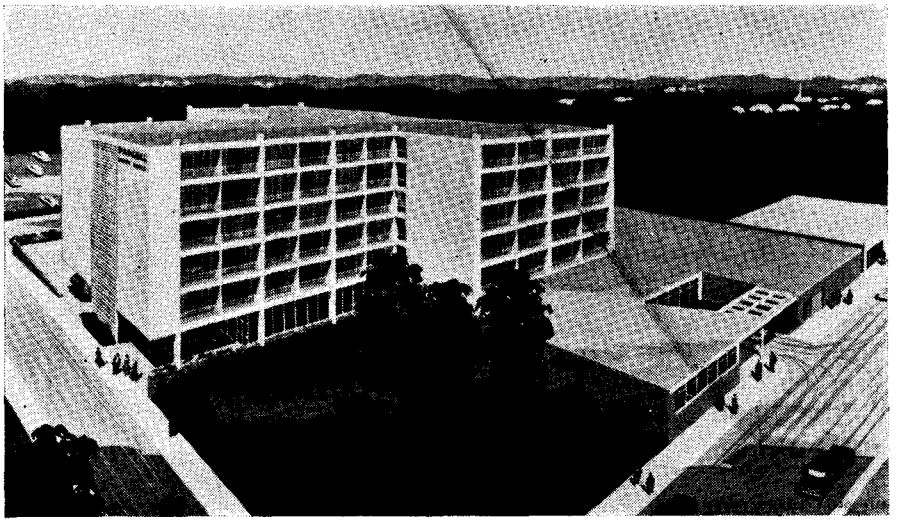

A sampling of new black businesses and proprietors—(above) the Paschal's thriving restaurant/motel in Atlanta; (clockwise from bottom) James Paschal; Robert Paschal; attorney Cora Walker, founder of Harlem Co-op supermarket; shoppers in Harlem Co-op; John H. Johnson, publisher of "Ebony," "Negro Digest," and other magazines.

The nationwide Interracial Council for Business Opportunity, utilizing a core of volunteer executives to provide counseling and to arrange loan aid, claims to have assisted some 2,000 black businessmen in its first five years of existence. Other nonprofit local groups in such cities as Washington, D.C., Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, and Los Angeles have set up similar programs.

But no matter what the approach, the difference between a marginal business and a successful one is always an individual. One of the most inspiring examples of this—and also of how one black business can lead to another—is James Paschal of Atlanta, a quiet, determined man in his mid-forties who, with his brother, Robert, has broken many business rules and yet has managed to become a successful entrepreneur.

At the age of nine, James, whose father held a menial job in a hotel, acquired a paper route; later he sold cosmetics in Thompson, Georgia. By fourteen, he had saved enough money to rent a failing grocery store across the street from his high school. When he had made it profitable, the owners reclaimed it. Undaunted, he persuaded a local undertaker to finance a store, where Paschal sold hamburgers and barbecue and, as an added attraction, made space in a corner for dancing. Just as this venture was succeeding, he was drafted. After two years in the Army and a stint as a coast-to-coast Pullman porter, he went to Atlanta, where he formed a partnership with his brother, who had been a soda jerk in a black-owned drugstore. With $3,000 borrowed from a local bank added to $2,000 of their own, the Paschals made a restaurant-store out of a church/fortune-telling parlor, hired

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three employees, and started selling fried chicken.

Because they lacked a kitchen, the food was cooked at their homes and brought in. Their inexperience, lack of staff, underpricing, and overly generous portions kept the brothers' business marginal. But after two years, they leased a house in the rear, remodeled it, and expanded the restaurant to accommodate eighty persons. Suddenly the Paschals had gone from selling twenty-five fryers a week to being able to deliver 7,000 lunches for the annual food show of a local grocery chain.

The location of the restaurant, in the heart of one of Atlanta's two black business areas and in proximity to Atlanta University—a complex of five black colleges—was one reason for its success. Another was James Paschal's extraordinary efforts to please customers. Shortly after Hamilton Holmes and I desegregated the University of Georgia, for example, I came home for a weekend and stopped at Paschals'. When James approached, I told him I had spent many a night in my dormitory in Athens, Georgia—80 miles away—wishing for a Paschal chicken sandwich. He seemed overwhelmed. "Anytime you want anything from our restaurant, just call, and in two hours, we'll have it there."

Ten years after selling their first fried chicken sandwich, the Paschals convinced the city's black bank, the Citizen's Trust Company, and the black-owned Atlanta Life Insurance Company that they merited a loan for property and a new building across the street. Since then, they have added a cocktail lounge—which quickly became one of Atlanta's most popular interracial gathering spots—and, more recently, a motel with 120 guest rooms, four executive suites, a swimming pool, and a banquet room seating 1,500. Its tasteful décor—in blues and greens, mainly—differs sharply from standard motel-gaudy. Thirty-five per cent of its clientele is white.

Another black businessman, Albert Johnson, faced many of the same problems as the Paschals, plus the additional one of needing a franchise in an industry that for years did not have black-owned franchises—new-car sales. In East St. Louis, Illinois, in the Fifties, he used to phone blacks and say: "Hello, I'm Albert Johnson, and I'd like to talk to you about a new Olds." Johnson, in his mid-twenties, knew the community well, having grown up there, and felt he was on firm ground since white salesmen rarely, if ever, tapped this market. Though he was a University of Illinois graduate, the son of a prominent physician, and was earning $12,000 a year as the administrator of the hospital his father had founded, Johnson was not allowed to sell cars from the floor.

His passion for selling autos dated to 1953, when he had bought a Buick and had been offered a deal by the Negro who had sold it to him: For every paying customer Johnson brought in, he was to receive $25. Later, he decided he could make more money if he did the selling, so he sought out a dealer in Kirkwood, Illinois—40 miles away—and began moonlighting.

"I was actually selling cars out of a bag," Johnson recalls. "Many people bought cars from the *Olds Fact Book*. Being black didn't hurt me, especially since many dealers acted as if they didn't want black business." That untapped market gave Johnson $1,100 in commissions in his first month. Though working two jobs, he was selling twice as many cars as were some of his white colleagues.

Five years later, when Johnson was earning enough from sales to quit the hospital, he still did not have the satisfaction of being able to work on the showroom floor. Johnson decided to try for a dealership. But there were no black dealers in the country then. Even though local civic leaders sent recommendations to General Motors, Johnson's faith was less than complete. "You may think this will never come to pass," a white manager told him, "but it will."

In July 1967, Johnson was offered a GM franchise—in Chicago. He wasn't sure he wanted to leave East St. Louis, but a GM dealer, anxious to break new ground, told Johnson it was his duty to his race to move. Johnson's path was eased in many ways, including, to start, the offer of an established dealership and a loan, under GM's dealer development program, of up to 75 per cent of the total cost, which was $355,000. When a bank first refused Johnson's loan application, GM entered the picture and enough concessions were made. Johnson then became the first black among the 18,000 holders of GM new-car franchises. Today, only fourteen of the 28,000 dealerships of all U.S. automakers are held by blacks.

Even after moving into his newly acquired two-and-a-half-block facility in Chicago, Johnson had to overcome unexpected problems. "Negroes had never spent this kind of money with their own people before, and they were scared," Johnson says. "I just told them, 'Well, if you're going to be overcharged anyway, then wouldn't you rather I do it?' "

Johnson worries now over "recklessness on the part of big companies" that, he feels, might "rush onto the bandwagon, and break a lot of Negroes by putting them into business before they're ready." More concerned about the money and experience required than about pressure from competition, he adds: "I say if the big companies want to pay their dues, when they find an interested black but he has no experience, train him."

Training—at a remarkably early age—for blacks whose business prospects at first might seem distressingly bleak has been the specialty of a Washington, D.C., enterprise called Pride, Inc. Pride concentrates on "social rejects." As one staff member put it, "Pride is one place the dude can go for help." She meant the dropout, the fellow in the street, the man with a jail record, the one on whom society has given up. Created in 1967 by a "street dude" named "Catfish" Mayfield, who has since moved on, Pride was conceived both to create jobs for black youth and to build ghetto businesses.

Mary Treadwell, a former sales executive, and two young professional men—chemist Marion Barry and engineer Carroll Harvey, who was Pride's executive director on loan from the District government—began recruiting from the street, "using the same principles that create gangs" to carry out a 1967 summer work project. Initially limited to neighborhood services—rat control and debris cleanup—it employed more than 1,000 dudes in three days. In the beginning, they had a one-month grant from the Department of Labor. Then Pride brought a delegation of Congressmen to the District's alleys and slumways, and, despite vocal detracters, the grant was extended for a year. To date, Pride has received $6.1-million in training grants from the Labor Department.

Barry, though only a few hours short of a Ph.D. in chemistry, now applies all of his time to developing Pride's businesses. Under the umbrella of Pride Economic Enterprises, these now include a landscaping and gardening firm, a painting and maintenance contractor, a candy manufacturing plant, and three service stations.

To establish its service station operation, Pride sent proposals to major oil companies requesting training assistance in stations that Pride would lease. The American Oil Company was first to respond, and Pride is now training 100 dudes in auto mechanics at its three stations. Within the year it expects to have its own automotive center. Sources of needed funds—$3-million—include the Ford Foundation and the Riggs National Bank. Along with Pride training, there eventually may be profit-sharing (in stock), allowing the dudes to realize more than their salaries. Pride would also like to

(*Continued on page* 59)

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A Department of Exploration

Now that the moon's far hemisphere is in reach of earthly explorers, it is appropriate to recall the time when the land mass between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean seemed almost as inaccessible as the near hemisphere of the moon. It is also appropriate to identify the man who sent his secretary, Meriwether Lewis, and a retired Indian fighter, William Clark, on an expedition to pierce that great western wilderness of the North American continent. This remarkable person was the idealist who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Virginia statute for religious freedom: Thomas Jefferson.

Jefferson was the only practicing scientist ever to occupy the White House. Herbert Hoover? A practicing technologist. One of the many scientific documents left behind by Jefferson was his detailed letter of instructions for the Lewis and Clark expedition. Verbatim excerpts from it are in Paul Russell Cutright's new University of Illinois Press book, *Lewis and Clark: Pioneering Naturalists.*

President Richard M. Nixon's recent guarantee that explorers from earth would discover life on another planet by the year 2000 places him rather apart from Jefferson's scientific method. But even if the truth were otherwise, time would hardly allow Mr. Nixon to plan a manned trip to Mars as meticulously as Jefferson planned Lewis and Clark's reconnaissance of the Louisiana Purchase. Nevertheless, Mr. Nixon could adapt the Jeffersonian philosophy to prevent disastrous backfire from the anticlimatic euphoria that has followed the voyage of *Apollo 11.*

We obviously aren't going to Mars on the optimistic timetable proposed by Vice President Spiro Agnew. Congress won't authorize payment of the bill, and the White House knows it—a fact the September report from Mr. Nixon's advisory panel on space exploration will certainly reflect. If the President is not to lose the initiative he seized so vigorously by telephoning the moon on the night of the *Apollo 11* landing, he must find an alternative that fits the American tradition.

Mr. Nixon could inspire all the peoples of the planet by creating within his Cabinet a new Department of Exploration. A declaration of intent to inaugurate such a civilian agency would capture the intellectual stimulus and visceral excitement of the initial lunar landing and thrust them onward.

Wherever unknowns wait, wherever mysteries remain uncovered or unexplained—in the space beyond earth's atmosphere, within the atmosphere, on and under the surface of the seas, in the crust of the planet, in the mantle under the crust, in the core beneath the mantle, in the immensity of the stars, and in the microscopic smallness of the atom—there the Department of Exploration would be instructed to venture.

Such a forthright commitment to the future, such a statement of belief in the necessity for change, would constitute a rebirth of the original American experiment. Psychologically it would be electric. And it would not be a superficial political trick. The new department would serve a major practical purpose. It would provide a compelling focus for reorganization of scientific capabilities within the federal government.

Pressure for some kind of reassembly of the present-day government structure is now so strong that a new department, under whatever name, seems inevitable within the next few years. Many scientists favor a reorganization, but many fear that an all-inclusive Department of Science would encompass too much; it could not be functional in terms of mission. A Department of Exploration would be highly functional, yet ample enough to take in all the disciplines required by human ecology.

A logical nucleus for a Department of Exploration already exists in the Environmental Science Services Administration. ESSA combined the Weather Bureau, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the Central Radio Propagation Laboratory of the Bureau of Standards. Earlier this year [*SR*, Feb. 1], former President Lyndon B. Johnson's Commission on Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources proposed creation of a National Oceanic and Atmospheric Agency (NOAA) to explore the sea and the atmosphere as a continuum. Along with ESSA, NOAA would have taken in the Coast Guard, two bureaus of fisheries and wildlife, the National Sea Grant Program of the National Science Foundation, the [Great] Lake Survey of the U.S. Army Engineers, and the National Oceanographic Data Center. A truly functional Department of Exploration also would include the National Center for Atmospheric Research, the High Altitude Laboratory, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the weather modification capabilities of NSF, the Antarctic exploration responsibilities of NSF and the U.S. Navy, the non-military aspects of the national laboratories of the Atomic Energy Commission, and the planetary crustal probings of the U.S. Geological Survey.

Regular public accounting of the vast amounts of tax money now going into science would be facilitated through the apparatus of a Department of Exploration. Fair assignment of priorities to the exploration of extraterrestrial space, the atmosphere, the oceans, and the earth's interior would be simplified. Transfer of technological advances from one area of study to another would be speeded. And the pursuit of peace through direction of science toward fulfillment of man's felt needs would be encouraged in myriad ways.

—JOHN LEAR.

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Letters to the Editor

Can India Make It?

THERE MAY BE those familiar with the persuasive proselytizing efforts of the United States and Indian governments who would be uneasy with Professor Robert R. R. Brooks's commentary "Can India Make It?" [*SR*, Aug. 9].

As a long-time student and former—though not so long-time—resident of India, I am constrained to comment. Professor Brooks alludes to the Hindu culture as the cement holding India together—anachronistically this may be true. Further deterioration within India will be ascribed to that same culture which promotes the abysmal chasm between the elite and the complex social strata of the masses through an outlawed (1955), yet viable, vibrant caste structure.

Pondering the professor's plaudits for the strong central government in New Delhi, I wonder: Are democratic methods best suited to rule 530 million? Balkanization, buttressed by fourteen recognized languages, may well be desirable and prove more efficient. Are one-lane hard-surfaced roads, technically inferior land communication lines, and multigauged railroads effective in lacing together 530,000 villages in an active political, economic, social, and cultural complex capable of enduring survival?

The future of the Asian subcontinent will be resolved only by affirmative action proving that India can make it. Prudent doubts arise when contemplating the continuum of internecine state and national political quarrels; outmoded foreign policies embracing non-alignment and the best of both worlds; harassment of foreign investors by petty rules and regulations borne of Anglophobic emotions. Many Indianologists in the United States seem to view India's progress through rose-colored lenses; the gut issues of pragmatic survival as a nation can only be met by an India actively willing, at all levels, to overcome cultural, political and social blockades.

"Can India Make It?" demands much more than rhetoric. It demands hard-headed, positive, politically unpopular methods to stop baby production; to increase crop production; to insure basic personal hygiene for all; to increase foreign investments by reducing bumbling bureaucratic harassments; and to preclude the "brain drain" of Indian scientific and technological talent abroad. The many faces of India's social, political, cultural, and historical heritage defy simplistic answers; only India can determine if it will make it, where, when, and how.

BEDFORD H. BERREY, M.D.,
Arlington, Va.

Plugging the Brain Drain

NURI EREN'S "Supply, Demand, and the Brain Drain" [*SR*, Aug 2] comes, in one respect, as a pleasant surprise. At a time when much publishing is engaged in minimizing the "brain drain"—a portion of some colossal verbal illusion that must be taking the modern world by storm—it is heartening that a diplomat from an "underdeveloped" nation so squarely recognizes that there is a brain drain and that it has a great many frightening implications.

At the same time, Mr. Eren's regulatory aproach to *talent* is somewhat disappointing. The time is indeed ripe for such an approach. Perhaps it is precisely the excess of regulation of one sort or another that talented men and women so persistently flee. Many of the countries cited by Mr. Eren as suffering from an on-going loss of talent are countries in which the internal political situation unduly interferes with or takes precedence over the academic disciplines. It is difficult to understand why maximal freedom, not "coordinated legislation," does not occur to commentators on the brain drain as a solution to the problem.

Mr. Eren's approach raises some interesting questions. Who would determine, and by what method, the "best interests of the world community"? Does not "coordinating legislation" really boil down to restricting the free movement of individuals? How can non-material qualities such as talent or ingenuity be quantified like "coffee, wheat, or cocoa"? Isn't the free market an infinitely better locus of regulation of the movement of talented men and women than some sort of esoteric, independent regulatory body that would not afford talented people the latitude to choose freely that which they require if they are going to function effectively?

And isn't Mr. Eren's idea that initiatives for cracking down on the brains that are draining away should come from the West really a suggestion that the industrialized nations of the West ought to lay down their own interests in the interests of much smaller or more needful nations—nations which have already shown by their policies that there is little reason for talented people to remain within their borders?

These are questions which Mr. Eren seems to have raised and left unanswered intentionally. It is truly unfortunate that such a succinct statement of the problem of vanishing talent should contain so bankrupt an approach toward solving it. When all is said and done, even the United Nations may have to recognize that talent is the one crucial commodity which cannot be compelled.

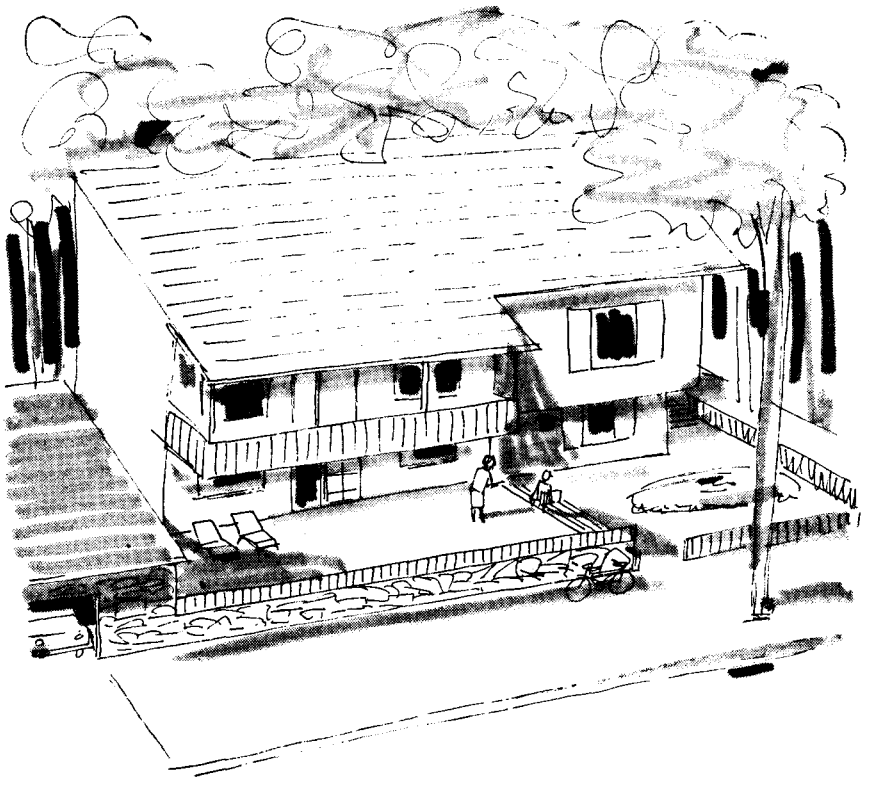
THOMAS W. IMTHOOF,
Washington, D.C.

More On "Orange"

RE: the frustrated cartoon poet (*SR*, June 28)—

"There's no rhyme-word for 'orange,'"
sighed Bea,
But her Cockney friend wouldn't agree:
"If you want to rhyme 'orange,'
You can do it with 'door-'inge.'
That's a 'inge for a door. There, you
see?"

JOSEPH PADDOCK,
Bloomington, Ill.



"Your money is on the left side of the roof where you threw the papers."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Florida-Grown

SARASOTA, FLA.

OVER THE PAST ten years the productions here at the charming little Asolo Theater have grown steadily both in quality and in scope. Indeed, the company and its achievement have now been given the seal of approval by the state of Florida, and it will henceforth be known as the Asolo State Theater Company.

Hopefully this official approval will be followed by some financial subsidy, for the Asolo company's ambitious year-round program, which includes an extremely popular winter tour of Florida high schools, incurs a modest but nonetheless worrisome deficit of $60,000 per year. The state would not, of course, be expected to contribute all of this deficit. The major portion of it should come from the wealthy community of people living in the vicinity of Sarasota. This year prominent local businessmen, aware that the Asolo brings close to a million dollars worth of business into Sarasota annually, have accepted the responsibility of raising at least $40,000 from local sources. But this figure, which is the minimum required to sustain even a pared-down operation, will have to be supplemented with funds from outside Sarasota, if the Asolo quality is not to be reduced. The most appropriate and logical source is the company's official sponsor, the state of Florida.

Despite the anxiety about the imminent cutback, the current season is the most successful and popular of any to date. The leading attraction is the Asolo presentation of *You Can't Take It With You*, which offers the nostalgic flavor of the 1930s to an audience that remembers the period well. Directed by Robert Strane with a garnish, overstuffed, mahogany-stained setting by Holmes Easley, the production features a wonderfully gentle performance by Macon McCalman as Grandpa Vanderhof. Mr. McCalman is also excellent as the unfrocked civil servant in the Asolo production of Brendan Behan's *The Hostage*. The latter, directed by Eberle Thomas, is the perfect disreputable antidote for Sarasota's conservatism, and features many memorable performances, including Barbara Redmond as Miss Gilchrist, Patrick Egan as Rio Rita, C. David Colson as Leslie, and Carol Williard as Teresa.

OTHER PLAYS in this summer's repertory are *The Lark*, *The Lion in Winter*, *Two Gents* (a Wild West version of Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*), and *Uncle Vanya*. The latter, which joined the repertory after my visit, registered an advance-sale larger than did any of the others, which may mean that there is a thirst for Chekhov, or that theatergoers pleased with the other plays have decided to continue their theatergoing habit. Or, since Mr. McCalman is playing the title role, it could just possibly mean that theatergoers here are eager to see this immensely skilled actor attempt a great part.

On the basis of this season, the future of the Asolo State Theater Company would seem bright. However, the company may have to weather a period in which lack of sufficient subsidy will force a reduction in the company's size. Asolo's directors are already seeking small-cast plays for next year's schedule. Although such a cutback may not be felt too severely by next season's audiences, it could, if prolonged, damage the Asolo's ability to develop young actors into the pool of seasoned performers a good repertory company needs if it is to cast its plays excitingly.

* * *

Financial problems are also being felt in New York City by the New York Shakespeare Festival, and as a result Joseph Papp's valuable and adventurous Mobile Theater project has reduced its playing schedule this summer to five weeks. This means that fewer new theatergoers will be made by the free performances of Sophocles' *Electra* that are being trucked to parks located in each of New York's five boroughs.

Nevertheless, the quality is good, as director Gerald Freeman has attempted to stage the Greek tragedy with a black cast and with African overtones. Since the play still takes place in Mycenae, Ming Cho Lee's abstract settings suggest Greek architecture in the background, but use African touches in front of the palace. Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes are a mixture of Egyptian and Swahili. Most effective are the dresses she has devised for the chorus, with wrap-around stoles that can be used to cover their heads on occasion. John Morris's music is sometimes tribal percussive, and sometimes Greek lyrical. And Louis Johnson's choreography blends lively primitive dancing with the necessarily austere functions of the Greek chorus.

The best part of this production is the vital and free-flowing way the chorus uses the small touring stage. Instead of the traditional somber parade of anguished women, they bounce lightly through their tribal rituals, and are superb in the moment when they are called upon to express the joy Electra feels when she discovers that Orestes is alive. The choral speaking is also distinct and clear although the device of speaking in rhythm to percussion and music sometimes seems a little too much like a kindergarten exercise.

As Electra, the tall and beautiful Olivia Cole is visually striking. However, she is better equipped to deliver stern arguments than she is to express all-out tragic explosions. And the director has apparently encouraged her to react with speechless grimaces that are desperately unconvincing. Josephine Premice gives us a sophisticated Clytemnestra, and draws the evening's biggest laugh when, after Electra wails, "Orestes is dead! What have I to live for?" she disinterestedly replies, "That's your affair." However, the humor doesn't hurt, and Miss Premice brings great authority and bite to her speeches. Thurman Scott makes a bitter Orestes, which is credible, but somehow the famous moment of reconciliation between brother and sister is not as moving here as it ordinarily is.

One suspects that the concept of an African *Electra* really requires a new text in which the tragedy could be told in terms of tribal myths and values. What has been accomplished here is a fairly nominal telling of the Greek story, accompanied by some splendid choral work.

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An essay review of "Black Capitalism: Strategy for Business in the Ghetto," by Theodore L. Cross (Atheneum, 275 pp., $8.95)

Tilling the Black Wasteland

by ROBERT H. FINCH

My predecessor, John Gardner, recently dramatized the flaw that pervades much contemporary rhetoric about the requirements for social and political reform. He wrote:

> . . . reality is supremely boring to most social critics. They are extremely reluctant to think about the complex and technical processes by which the society functions. And, in the end, their unwillingness to grapple with those processes defeats them.

Fortunately, Theodore Cross, editor and publisher of the respected journal *The Banker's Magazine*, is not bored with reality. In his book, *Black Capitalism: Strategy for Business in the Ghetto*, he confronts a difficult and much talked about social problem and responds to it with hard analysis and realistic suggestions.

Obviously, our nation became conscious far too slowly of the complexities involved in rectifying the economic consequences of racial injustice. The struggle for civil rights had barely gained public attention when it became apparent that the resolution of the issues of voting rights, desegregation, equal access to public accommodations, and fair employment practices constituted only a first step in America's effort to eradicate the deep marks of discrimination.

Our attention next focused on the problems of poverty, but the immediate response was too simple: poverty in the ghetto would not be bought off merely by infusions of cash, federal or private. Nor is the answer provided by the present welfare system, itself a compendium of mechanisms descended from the Elizabethan poor laws and stop-gap measures designed as temporary palliatives during the Depression. Indeed, because of its disintegrating effects on the family and on incentives, this welfare system may well perpetuate want. We have come, finally, to recognize that the effort to halt the cycle of destitution and dependence in the 163 major urban ghettos of America involves a commitment of energy, thought, and resources, both public and private, far more profound and sophisticated than any yet made.

Theodore Cross, who has written a very important book about economic problems in the urban ghetto, has brought to bear on them a lawyer's training, an expertise in the fields of banking and finance, a deep understanding of the intangible and persistent barriers to economic development, and a tough-minded intelligence. He does not offer a panacea. He recognizes that his recommendations are not the whole solution; but he offers them as part of the answer, and I am convinced they are.

Surely there is still room for debate about whether the ultimate corrective is jobs or entrepreneurship, whether economic integration and employment away from the ghetto as a long-run solution is preferable to enrichment of the slum economy itself. But as Keynes reminded us, "in the long run we're all dead." That's one way of saying that the long run is composed of a multitude of short runs; and clearly we cannot continue to permit ourselves the luxury of long-run solutions that do not begin to cope *now* with massive urban unemployment and deprivation. Part of the solution lies in avoiding the easy, deceitful, and demoralizing approach of overpromise and underdelivery.

In much of the literature on the economics of poverty theoreticians ap-

ROBERT H. FINCH is Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare.

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pear more eager to demonstrate that their theory of education, welfare, or family structure is the *only* means by which to break the cycle of dependency than they are to recognize the desirability of attacking that cycle simultaneously on many fronts. Sensibly, Cross does not proclaim his to be the single approach.

Recent attempts to impart the skills of entrepreneurship to ghetto areas have left men of good will of both races baffled and frustrated. Although there have been many promising starts, a number of philanthropic attempts by highly competent executives to foster minority enterprises have foundered. Since neither the term "black capitalism" nor the concept of "minority business enterprise" evokes an alien image, no ideological barrier exists. Rather, the effort is in the highest sense consistent with traditional philosophies of business organization and economic development. Imaginative business leadership has willingly helped, and the failures are not totally due to lack of capital. Why, then, is the task so difficult?

Theodore Cross argues convincingly that we have understood only imperfectly the barriers to entrepreneurial success in the slum economy. Far from being a part of the national economy, far even from being a backwater, the slum economy is, he finds, an isolated entity which operates according to its own rules, at tremendous expense and in a manner that is discouraging even to the hardiest. Ghettos, observes Cross, are in fact "structured to prevent the accumulation of wealth."

The most valuable contribution of *Black Capitalism*, then, is to inventory and assess the difficulties confronted by the entrepreneur in the ghetto. As a unit, Cross maintains, it lacks the vital economic climate that is characterized by credit availability, risk capital, and business and managerial skills. Coupled with these disabilities are the *extra* costs of conducting business in the slums: Too many areas are redlined, making fire insurance unobtainable. Inventories must be kept low because of looting risks; hence savings on quantity discounts cannot be effected. Because bank loans can't be secured, the ghetto credit system is largely controlled by underworld loansharks who charge outrageous interest rates. The normal retail distribution system with its brand-name claims to quality shuns the ghetto for more productive and safer markets. Real estate tax assessments on slum properties are actually higher in relation to fair market value than in better neighborhoods. Finally, resident customers are often not responsive to price differentials and other traditional indices of the economic incentive system—since the availability of credit for shoddy merchandise may well be more important to them than a discount price. In sum, and contrary to the preachments of the social Darwinists, we must recognize the existence of a climate that involves cycles of poverty from which even the most intelligent and highly motivated cannot escape.

Mr. Cross is analytical, tough-minded and forthright; although he does not overstate, neither does he spare past efforts by the federal government, by welfare programs and by charitable, well-meaning individuals. The author's frankness in characterizing the ghetto as an economic wasteland may arouse anger in many quarters. If so, let us hope that it is a reasoned and informed anger which will enlighten us further.

Committed to the ideal of a society in which all members have a piece of the action, a chance to succeed, Cross holds that the provision of jobs and the fostering of minority enterprise must be more than a cynical form of riot insurance—although he is aware of how real that particular incentive has become. He acknowledges that enterprise for the poor must focus on their economic *needs*. If the enterprise is to succeed, it cannot simply be transplanted but must evolve in a manner indigenous to the community. However, far from seeking the economic mainstay for a separate colony, Cross makes the necessary point that minority enterprise must ultimately serve and be competitive in the national economy as a whole.

By "black capitalism" he does not mean the creation of a few more black millionaires; for a person who is being gouged it is relatively little solace to learn that the victimizer this time has the same skin color. Cross calls for the establishment of a multitude of enterprises in order to provide the possibility of business success beyond that in, say, the numbers racket or narcotics trade—examples which all too often tragically indicate the limits of opportunity for the jobless in the ghetto.

Unlike the prophets of doom, Cross does not leave us wringing our hands about tragedy and the intractable nature of the problem. Instead he elaborates, in light of the ghetto's economic needs, a program of twelve "categorical corrective incentives," which are based on a series of assumptions about feasible programs. Cross contends that the private sector must apply in the ghetto its knowledge of finance, production, and merchandising because government cannot. Inasmuch as moral imperatives alone are inadequate and unsystematic in their impact, this task, to the author's mind, can only be accomplished by a precisely targeted system of economic incentives. For a complex of historical and sociological reasons, dispersing the ghetto, he observes, is not, in the short run, a viable alternative; hence it must itself be enriched. Finally, he argues that ghetto enterprise projects must provide for local control.

The incentives Mr. Cross details are weighted heavily toward the immediate area of his expertise, banking. His proposals emphasize the necessity for a practicable and broad-scale tax-incentive plan on the part of the government to enable the private sector to apply its skills and capital in a concerted, directed manner. Mr. Cross's blueprint is designed to reduce the risk on "soft" commercial loans for the ghetto, to create new liquidity for stocks in ghetto enterprises, to stimulate deposits in slum area banks, and to create ghetto development banks. This, then, is an approach that attempts to elaborate an effective "delivery system" for the services and skills and capital that are necessary to foster business enterprise in the underdeveloped economies of America's urban ghettos.

There will, no doubt, be much healthy debate about the specifics of the imaginative proposals which Mr. Cross has suggested as the means to transfer the benefits of entrepreneurship to all of our citizens. The banking system, however flexible in its provision of credit, is of course not the total answer (nor does Mr. Cross imply that it is). Likewise, tax incentives may not be as efficacious as he hopes. Given the extent of the anarchy in the ghetto economy, would such incentives be responsive to the magnitude of the needs he documents with such clarity? That, however, is surely something concerning which time and experience must tell the tale. Cross has structured the debate about a hitherto loosely-used concept.

It is worth remembering how far we must yet go and how urgent is the task. The present plight of the inner city is due in large part to one of the greatest population migrations, in size, speed and social impact, in human history. This is the migration of the American Negro from the South to the North and from the rural farm to the central city—all within the span of this half century. Sociologists differ, sometimes violently, on the reasons why the black migrants confront qualitatively different problems than did their Euro-

(*Continued on page* 45)

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An essay review of "The American Negro: His History and Literature, Series Two," edited by Ulysses Lee, William Loren Katz, *et al* (Arno Press/The New York Times, 66 vols., $604)

The Black's Past in Chiaroscuro

by ALLAN NEVINS

The task of forming a satisfactory shelf of books for high school and college students of the country on Negro history, literature, and other fields of activity in which our black Americans have played notable parts is replete with difficulties; but it is a task increasingly exigent in this period of social growth and steady obliteration of old-time divisions of race and class. It is now necessary to lay a more comprehensive basis for study of the record of every element in our population in order that we may view that record with a new sense of unity and a more discerning national pride.

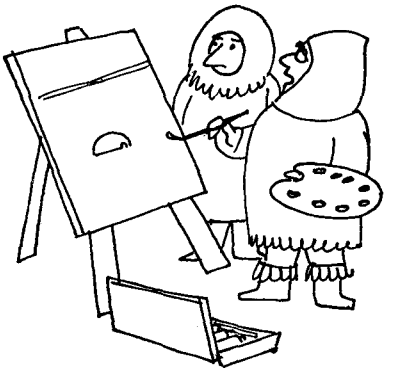
Such a collection should, so far as is practicable, represent the whole Negro people and the spirit and authorship of representative Negroes themselves, though by no means should it ignore the long and mutually profitable alliance of black and white migrants to the United States in hewing out its history and developing its institutions. Such a basic shelf ought, if possible, to avoid the absurd and irritating partisanship and self-glorification commonly met in histories of the hyphenate (to use the ugly word popularized by Theodore Roosevelt) type: histories of the Irish-Americans, German-Americans, Scandinavian-Americans, Jewish-Americans, and all the rest. Self-glorification is not only unscholarly; it is even more objectionable because it defeats itself, inviting untenable pretensions and comparisons that damage the users and at the same time do grievous injury to our essential ideals of unity, tolerance and solidarity, wounding the deepest instincts of reflective Americans.

As a second requirement, by virtue of its narrative interest, expository lucidity, and broad humanity, such a basic shelf of books ought to appeal to the general reader, both black and white. It ought also to instruct the student whether adult, college level, or high school. Unless a series serves both the amateur and the specialist, as the Home Education Library planned in Britain by the late Ernest Barker sought to do, it will lack proper usefulness to the broad readership which it should reach.

The editor of such a series must possess a modicum of intellectual Spartanism, an indispensable quality in excluding from his collection the second-rate, the pretentious, and the immature. He will require yet a sterner type of courage in bringing a catholic yet rigidly judicious spirit to the treatment of the sharp conflicts among the various schools of thought, which have been increasingly vocal.

Particularly sensitive is the problem of giving fair weight to the demands made, on the one hand, by the passive or evolution-oriented elements among the Negroes and, on the other, to the aggressive and militant elements, which, down the decades, have grown steadily more assertive. That is, without partisanship or unequal favor, the basic selections must give due space to the Uncle Tom or acquiescent school of Booker T. Washington, the crusading followers of Frederick Douglass and his successor, W.E.B. DuBois, and such eccentrics as the would-be expatriate Marcus Garvey, as well as the intermediate school of the thoughtful and now traditional leaders represented by James Weldon Johnson, author of *Along This Way*. In literature it must not wholly neglect the sentimental-plantation or happy-peasant type of writer who emphasized the legendary chivalry of the master-slave relationship, nor the writer involved with the rebelliousness of sharecroppers and day-laborers caught up in the Socialist and IWW movements. The more philosophical crusaders responsive to Martin Luther King, Jr., the discontented idealists represented in fiction by Charles Wadell Chesnutt in his novel *The House Behind the Cedars*, so full of bitter truth—these, too, must be presented in balanced proportions.

This type of cleavage extends into every sector of Negro life and has to be traced in music, drama, poetry, and above all in sociological studies and in historical works like those of Sterling Brown, holder of a chair at Howard University and later directing editor of Negro Materials in the WPA Project under Franklin D. Roosevelt. Brown's



"Once. Just once before I die I'd like to do a nude."

ALLAN NEVINS's many works on American history include *The Emergence of Lincoln* and *Statesmanship of the Civil War*. He is co-editor of *Civil War Books: A Critical Bibliography*.

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book, *The Negro in American Fiction, Poetry and Drama*, a useful outline history of the ante-bellum and post-bellum beginnings of a huge creative edifice, is permeated by the author's strong championship of realism and truth—what Frank Norris called "veritism." Brown was the possessor of a fighting temper, and held in the greatest contempt the sentimentalities and evasions of many Negro and white writers such as Thomas Nelson Page.

The challenge outlined in the foregoing has been taken up by a highly effective partnership: the Arno Press, an experienced New York publishing house able to attract such a capable general editor as William Loren Katz, and *The New York Times*, the most powerful liberal organ of the American press, which for years has championed the right of the Negro to full equality in our society and integration into our economic, cultural and ideological life, free from prejudiced white racism on the one side and angry black separatism on the other. The enterprise, thus powerfully championed, fits into the demands of an increasing phalanx of colleges and universities, which at last are fully aware of their duty and their still more important opportunity in training a new generation of Americans who are defiant of racial barriers and ready to become part of a vast cosmopolitan world.

The volumes being published by Arno and *The New York Times* have the happy virtue of bringing back into print many unjustly neglected books. They have the still happier virtue of mapping a number of bold new paths in the exploration of our multi-racial past. Such exploration is made possible by the use of up-to-date sociological theory, post-Keynesian economics, and sophisticated psychological theory.

Inevitably some of the books suffer from the conditions or auspices under which they were written. At the time of its inception Negro literature was still at the stage white American literature had encountered when Sidney Smith, examining the fiction of Charles Brockden Brown, uttered the memorable taunt "Who reads an American book?" It is particularly interesting to trace the progress of Negro writers, composers, and artists, and of writers sympathetic with the Negro, from the early to the later stages of their work. They began naturally with narratives of suffering, struggles against poverty and Simon Legree abuse; they moved on to chronicles, poetry, drama, and other literary expressions of a period in which endurance gave way to unsteady, perilous, but resolute upward struggle. Eliza crossed the ice; Cudjo hid in his cave; the underground rail-

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Scheuer, Not Asheuer

YOUR KIND REVIEW of my book, *To Walk the Streets Safely* [Criminal Record, July 26], is the exception that proves the rule enunciated by George M. Cohan: "I don't care what you say about me as long as you spell my name right."

As long as you say the nice things that you say about my prose, and then add a fillip of whipped cream to the cake by describing me as "a *youthful* member of Congress," you can spell my name any cotton-pickin' way you please.

JAMES H. SCHEUER,
Washington, D.C.

Illustrious Westerners

I'M HOPPING MAD at the review of Wallace Stegner's *Sound of Mountain Water* by one Robert L. Perkin [*SR*, July 26]. Frankly, I think Stegner is splendid but I question seriously the statement "three major Western authors—Bret Harte, Willa Cather and Bernard De Voto."

Surely they are splendid but as a daughter of the West may I call the following to Robert L. Perkin's attention: Jack London, Frank Norris, Charles Norris, Robinson Jeffers, William Randolph Hearst, Anita Loos, Yvor Winters, Lincoln Steffens, John Steinbeck, Zane Grey, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, William Saroyan. If Texas can be considered West: Frank Dobie, Katharine Anne Porter. If Seattle's in the league: Mary McCarthy.

When the book is written on the growth of the West the three greats in the sense of Dickens and Balzac, with the exception of Steinbeck, will be Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, and Ross MacDonald.

EVELYN KLEINSORGE,
Carmichael, Calif.

Puzzling Dicta

I WISH TO THANK YOU for the privilege of a full-page review of my *Shakespearean Tragedy* in *SR* July 26. But are you satisfied with the quality of this review? It contains, for instance, this powerful sentence: "Battenhouse's argument might easily convince one, if a few minutes' reflection on the effect produced by the plays themselves did not in one gust demolish it." Would an *SR* reader infer there must be, behind this judgment, some overwhelmingly obvious testimony from the plays themselves? But where? What specific "effect produced by the plays" demolishes my argument? Bernard Grebanier, by citing no evidence for his dictum, has begged the whole question.

At the end comes another dictum, equally puzzling. While here granting that my thinking is "a logical extension of recent 'historical' scholarship," Mr. Grebanier declares such *extension* has *limited horizons*. Can you fathom this paradox?

My book's actual horizons (if only your reviewer had paid attention to what I repeatedly say) extend to the subtle and large import of Everyman's experience, which Shakespeare so richly has portrayed – but for appreciating which we need a genuine willingness to ponder each play's esthetic qualities, moral logic, and sense of history. Because of preconceptions, Mr. Grebanier lacks such a willingness (and his first sentence of paragraph two is disingenuous). For him, it is enough that he scents something "medieval" being offered for his attention—and at once he chills, takes fright, and writes so as to discourage others from reading the book.

ROY W. BATTENHOUSE,
Bloomington, Ind.

ROY BATTENHOUSE'S ANALOGIES appear sound and, in view of Shakespeare's Catholic upbringing, plausible and logical. Just how do "these interpretations wither the nobility of Shakespeare's works"?

RUTH M. KANE,
Ironwood, Mich.

Thinking Is Good and Bad

AS A QUASI-INSOMNIAC of many years' standing, I have learned to keep away from precisely all those books J. H. Plumb recommends [*SR*, July 26]: essays, poetry, non-fiction, etc. These require *thinking* and thus help to prolong the state of sleeplessness. The best type of book guaranteed to relax the insomniac is the mystery story. Even if you are dying to know "whodunit" the urgency is not so great that it keeps you awake.

ROSE RICCOBANO,
New York, N.Y.

I'LL TRY SOME of Dr. Plumb's suggestions. Please add mine to the hundreds you'll probably receive: *Confessions of Rousseau, Physiology of Taste, Humphrey Clinker, American Humor, Plutarch's Lives, Tale of Genji.*

MRS. L. G. GARRISON,
Oak Park, Ill.

DONT BE SELF-INDULGENT; review your Latin, Greek or hieroglyphics. Read a foreign language, using its lexicon at every provocation. Translate, not for the drift, but *translate* German—Goethe for instance. Or try solving a Kingsley Double-Crostic.

You can't take it twenty minutes. You'll sleep!

CARL MATTHIAS WISE,
Milton, Fla.

Unqualified?

BILL MOYERS, WHO REVIEWS *The Making of the President 1968* [*SR*, Aug. 9], is not fitten to clean the keys on Theodore H. White's typewriter.

GLADYS S. ZEHNPFENNIG,
Winchester, Va.

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Generation Gap

BOMB CULTURE

by Jeff Nuttall
Delacorte, 277 pp., $5.95

THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING

by Mark Gerzon
Viking, 274 pp., $6.95

THERE IS SOMETHING futile about writing (or reviewing) books that attempt to explicate the Generation Gap. (*Confusion Gulch? The Sea of Suspicion?*) You can't really get there from here—can't get across—by ordinary literary means, and every attempt makes the task of the next man more difficult. If GG divides anything, it is modes of perception, sets of sensibilities, and the way people talk and feel about themselves and their world.

Still, in an industry as brisk as the writing and publishing of books on "the gulf that separates young people from the parental generation of our time," "the moral and spiritual concerns of modern youth," "what's bugging the young," and other noble clichés, some efforts are better than others, partly because they recognize the limitations of language, and partly because they convey, in small measure, an unapologetic sense of anger toward things as they are.

Of all the recent attempts, the best, and certainly the most serious, is Jeff Nuttall's *Bomb Culture*, a book first published in England last year and now issued in the United States. Nuttall, a poet, painter and jazz trumpeter, the veteran of a good many political (Nuclear Disarmament) campaigns, as well as a whole series of cultural battles, is one of those people who aren't comfortable anywhere—obviously not with the squares, to whom the book is directed, but not among the speed freaks either. By his own definition, Nuttall (born in 1933) falls into the hole between the generations, and, like a lot of others, he finally has trouble finding a place:

> The people who had passed puberty at the time of the bomb found that they were incapable of conceiving of life *without* a future. Their patterns of habit had formed—the steady job, the pension, the mortgage, the insurance policy, personal savings, support and respect for the protection of the law, all the paraphernalia of constructive, secure family life. They had learned their game and it was the only game they knew. To acknowledge the truth of their predicament would be to abandon the whole pattern of their lives. They would therefore have to pretend, much as they had pretended about ecstasy not being there, and they proceeded to pretend as cheerfully as ever. In any case, to look the danger in the eye might wreck the chances of that ultimate total security their deepest selves had contrived, death by H-bomb.
>
> The people who had not yet reached puberty at the time of the bomb were incapable of conceiving of life *with* a future. They might not have had any direct preoccupation with the bomb. This depended largely on their sophistication. But they never knew a sense of future. The hipster was there. Charlie Parker's records began to be distributed. The hipster became increasingly present in popular music, and young people moved in his direction. They pretended too, but they did not enter the pretense at all cheerfully. In fact, they entered the pretense reluctantly, in pain and confusion, in hostility which they increasingly showed. Dad was a liar. He lied about the war and he lied about sex. He lied about the bomb and he lied about the future. He lived his life on an elaborate system of pretense that had been going on for hundreds of years. The so-called "generation gap" started then and has been increasing ever since.

Perhaps Nuttall pins too much on the bomb, too much even on the bomb as symbol; yet there is nothing simplified about his analysis, and nothing fuzzy about his sensibilities. He compresses a whole series of historical and cultural phenomena—the essence, that is, of his generation—into something that says as much as anyone can be expected to with the limited language of ordinary words. Occasionally he lost me (age thirty-eight, American) because he made too much of what I think are minor figures of the British cultural revolt, but his message comes across.

Nuttall makes it clear that the issues between generations are not primarily political but cultural and moral, and that the cultural revolt (which includes, but is not defined by, drugs, music, and the various attempts to enlarge sensitivity) comprises a fusion of disparate elements from all levels and classes in English and American life. Thus Elvis Presley:

> Like Brando, he was a point at which separate attitudes could merge. He had all the flash and glitter of showbiz, but most of his repertoire was slightly modified country blues. He was smooth and greasy and sexy and young, but he played with the rhythms of boogie pianists and mountain bands. He was Tennessee Williams' *Orpheus Descending*, the public butch god with the insolence of a Genet murderer. Most of all, he was unvarnished sex taken and set way out in the open. From the first quavering orgastic stutter to the final bull scream, from the first beads of sweat on his upper lip to the final frantic blows of his loins against the curved fetish of his guitar, he was the incarnate spirit of the fast lay, and his audience of adolescents responded, not only sexually but also with some gratitude, for here was someone who was acting out in the open something that was still a secret from the adults. He broke the secret and made himself a god all over the world.
>
> "God" is not too strong a word here. The Presley riots were a revengeful rediscovery of the Dionysian ceremony. He was the idol in a literal sense, a deity incarnate on the old primitive pattern, the catalyst of a rediscovered appetite for community in its fundamental form, orgastic ritual. Presley's success had implications far beyond the hopes or intentions of his managers and promoters. He was awarded an identity far greater than the one he intended for himself, an identity that invalidated the brash commercialism of his promotion. The Presley riots were the first big spontaneous gatherings of the community of the new sensibilities. Riots over previous idols had been sentimental rather than sexual. The Presley riots were temple ceremonials of the futureless.

Although Nuttall is cognizant of forces and passions that originated long before Hiroshima, his history begins with World War II, and with his awareness that the H-bomb converted military victory into moral disaster. After the formalized stoicism of the mid-Forties, the "romanticism of toughness and aggression"—what he calls "a culture of brashness, raw colors, hard gloss, discord, cold eyes, and cruel rouged lips" which styled itself on the Veronica Lakes, the Bogarts and the Alan Ladds and which was epitomized in the postwar gangs of England — came the countervailing hopes of the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, an organization whose first joyful demonstrations (with beatniks and bands and off-beat costumes) later turned into grim puritanical marches. Ultimately, Nuttall feels, CND's effectiveness was destroyed by "comparatively cozy-minded people who had *not* come to maturity with the certainty of uncertainty twisting in their guts, who had not acknowledged the vacuum where the future used to be. They were squares—hard-working, well-meaning squares—whose particular refuge was in the lie of socialist progress. The campaign, for them, far from being a cry of emergency, was just the next step in the developing pattern of socialism."

The radical and disillusioned sur-

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vivors of CND, the descendants of the teddy boys, the heirs of the hipsters, the potheads, the avant-garde artists and musicians—all of them people who had moved to the other side of alienation against the hypocrisy and absurdity of the polite and compromising world—came together and began to fuse in what Nuttall calls "the underground." Not a movement or an organization, it was more than anything else a collection of moral refugees, victims of the same disaster who happened to have been washed up on the same island. They have joined in various cultural ventures—little magazines and art shows, happenings and theater groups—and they share, probably to a large degree, a community in drugs or at least a tolerance toward them.

Most of all they share the urge to reinstitute a passion for life and sensitivity that the official culture abandoned. The summary of those passions is presented with a fair degree of precision on page 264 of Nuttall's book. That I cannot quote it here in full reflects not only the inevitable limitations of space but the divisions in language and manners that, among other things, make the Generation Gap so difficult to cross. There is no way to describe those passions without turning off most of the people who constantly claim they want to understand.

"I remember seeing clearly," writes Nuttall, "that if the doors could be torn off the lavatories, off the birth chambers, off the bridal chambers, off the death chambers, if those lost and desperate railway-station embraces I'd seen so often during the war could be carried through to a healthy public consummation, if we could once again dance around the phallus and grow golden corn from our dung, then that would be a start."

Nuttall has written a complex and frightening book, frightening because his sympathy with and membership in the underground doesn't blind him to the fact that after the victories have been won against the old there is still a new world to be built and a set of outside realities to be confronted: "Every artist worth his salt knows by now that in order to produce anything of worth he must lean on the cosmos and let it carry him through at least some of the way. . . . It is time the hipsters learned how to count. It is time we asked ourselves what we are going to do with a future, should we now, after the sickness and the vision, gain one." But Nuttall's prescriptions for that future remain vague and rhetorical. If he has a vision, words fail him at this point. What he knows is that ultimately the young always inherit the earth, and that they are the ones who clean out the cultural attics. Yet he is more than a little apprehensive about what they will keep and what they will destroy.

For those who have not cared to think about these matters very deeply, and that includes most of us, young and old, there are a number of primers available. One that is unjustifiably touted is *The Whole World Is Watching*, by a Harvard student named Mark Gerzon. The trouble with Gerzon's book is not what it says, but how it says it. Too much sounds like an apology—a letter, perhaps, from the slightly hippie son of a *Reader's Digest* editor trying to explain to his father what he and his friends are up to, without, I think, conveying much of the frustration or the anger that the case demands.

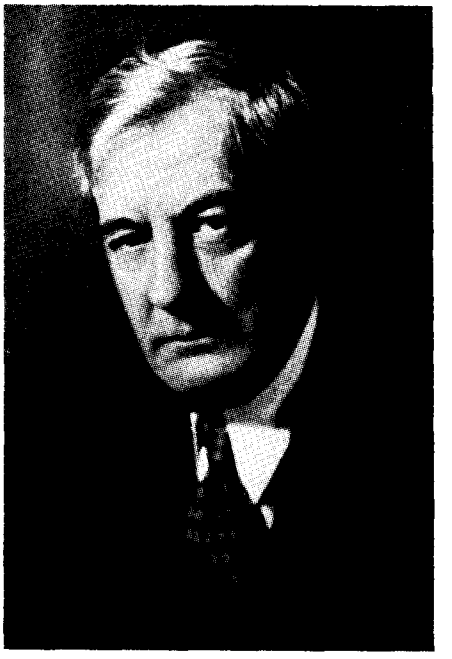
The Whole World Is Watching has a lot of nice social-relations-course documentation—quotations from Bettelheim and Fromm, Riesman and Camus—but the work seems to be written for the kind of patronizing outsider who for a good many young men and women is more an enemy than the unequivocal reactionary. Gerzon's book, moreover, is limited—limited to college students of one color and economic class and largely of one sex. The author says all the right things about drugs and mass culture and young ideals, but he may well underestimate the depth of the resentment of those who have given the youth revolt its voice, if not its numbers.

I am not sure, for example, that there is unanimity about the blessings of the Peace Corps and about the idea that it offers a young man or woman all the wonderful vistas that a conventional educational system does not. Nor am I certain that those who are most angry (and I don't mean necessarily those who are most radical) feel any affinity for Gerzon's attempt to define their orientation in religious terms.

Likely, *The Whole World Is Watching* will be at least a mild success, perhaps even a major one, but anyone who takes Gerzon as his guide through the scruffy terrain on the other side of the Gap may be surprised by occasional assaults from wild animals, cannibals, and various undefined exotic creatures for which he has not been prepared. More important, he will not have been much enlightened. Such enlightenment necessarily involves explosive shock about the travesties in his own world and about his individual culpability in the crimes of the age. For someone living in 1969 a badge declaring "I am tolerant" is not enough.

Peter Schrag

Peter Schrag is an SR editor-at-large.



Sherwood Anderson: "Facts elude me. When I deal in facts . . . I begin to lie."

Personal History

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS

edited by Ray Lewis White

North Carolina, 675 pp. $15.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919) is celebrated with amplitude by the appearance of a new edition of his *Memoirs*, first published in unsatisfactory form in 1942. This work of his last decade successfully recaptures the poignant lyricism of the earlier masterpiece and is, as Ernest Hemingway in *A Moveable Feast* grudgingly admitted of Anderson's stories, "simply written and sometimes beautifully written." Like Hemingway's autobiography, *Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs* dramatizes the persistence of its author's talent despite artistic and personal setbacks. It underscores the judgment of increasing numbers of literary critics that during his lifetime Anderson's literary quality was churlishly and ill-advisedly downgraded. Indeed, the *Memoirs* is merely one assemblage of the fine writing that Anderson kept on producing as if in careless ignorance of the general opinion that he had suffered an irreversible crack-up in the mid-1920s.

In his *Memoirs* Anderson returned unabashedly to the autobiographical mode of vision that had unified and deepened his great short fiction, the stories of Winesburg and many others which appeared later in *The Triumph of the Egg* (1921), *Horses and Men* (1923), and *Death in the Woods* (1933). The men and women who throng the

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Memoirs are much like Anderson's fictional characters, rendered without the sharply etched details Hemingway used to vivify those who participated in *A Moveable Feast*. Anderson's "prize pupils" Hemingway and Faulkner, Chicago Renaissance associates Ben Hecht and Floyd Dell, Earl Anderson and other close relatives, the publisher Horace Liveright, whose flashing rise and fall in the Twenties parallels the history of Anderson's reputation in the same decade—these and others whom Anderson knew and observed during his richly varied life rise from the pages of his *Memoirs* in their essential being as perceived by him, not as factual compilations. They illuminate Anderson, who sought "new roads, into men, into women," so that he might more easily find the path leading into himself.

Paradoxically, the net result of Anderson's discounting of literal fact is precisely that obtained by the ostensibly more objective Hemingway. The Hemingway created in *A Moveable Feast* was the young writer Hemingway imagined he had once been; he was not really being more scrupulously objective than Anderson if Hemingway's prefatory remarks are read with the seriousness their irony requires: "If the reader prefers, this book may be regarded as fiction. But there is always the chance that such a book of fiction may throw some light on what has been written as fact." This acknowledgment of the distinction between appearance and reality was something Anderson had enunciated long before he summed it all up in the *Memoirs*:

> Facts elude me. I cannot remember dates. When I try to deal in facts at once I begin to lie./I can't help it./ Once, many years ago, I sat down to write the story of my own boyhood in a middle western town. I couldn't do it./When, for example, I wrote of my own father and mother I depicted people my brothers and sisters could not recognize. . . . They were my mother and father as I felt them.

Seeking the intrinsic "tone and color," the "essence" of persons, Anderson discovered that "it is impossible to see them again after the first glance./ I do not know what my wife looks like. I cannot remember the face of my one sister, my mother's face . . . And why?/ It is because, upon all of them, my imagination has been at work . . . constantly superimposing something on others, on my own eyes, on my ears. I am always building and rebuilding." The *Memoirs* is the vital record of a lifelong dedication to the destructive and reconstituting powers of the creative imagination.

If the *Memoirs* are read superficially by those familiar with *A Story Teller's Story* (1924), Anderson's first venture into non-fictional autobiography, or by those familiar with his autobiographical novel *Tar: A Midwest Childhood* (1926), it may appear that the author is rehashing old stuff. Inevitably, we learn again about his youth in Ohio, his flight from business, his preoccupation with sex, his composition of *Winesburg, Ohio,* his disillusionment with the New York literati. These happened to be the tangibles of his existence. Additionally, however, the *Memoirs* carry Anderson along into the last fifteen years of his life, a fascinating and relatively unknown period during which he regained the equilibrium of mind, emotion, and voice that had dwindled and almost vanished during the mid-Twenties. Unifying the *Memoirs* is a lyric serenity that enabled him to re-perceive his past as freshly as in the 1930s he had viewed each new moment.

The artist who in 1933 began writing sections of what would become the *Memoirs,* working intermittently on the book until his death in March 1941, profited from the perspective gained from his return to the kind of small-town environment in which he had blossomed earlier in the century. A tenacious belief in possibility had compelled him in its second decade to slough off socio-personal encumbrances which he felt were stifling his artistic growth. Anderson repeated this pattern when he recognized in the 1920s that he had betrayed himself: yielding to those who wanted him to be a latter-day Whitman and sing "the American Man . . . a kind of composite essence of it all," who urged him to grind out pages so that he might become a marketable commodity, who alternately extolled the liberating modernity of his art and mocked his efforts to function as modernist intellectual. F. Scott Fitzgerald's remark in 1926 that Anderson "is the possessor of a brilliant and almost inimitable prose style, and scarcely any ideas at all" epitomizes the impasse Anderson had reached, for even he had forgotten that the evocative vernacular enunciation of experience, as in *Winesburg, Ohio,* embodied a substratum of powerful, implicit ideas.

The 1942 edition of the *Memoirs* failed to convey the harmony that pervaded the unfinished work. Pieces not intended for the autobiography, some written before 1933 in the impressionistic "smart" style Anderson had fallaciously regarded as modern, were inserted arbitrarily. Contrariwise, brilliant autobiographical pieces were excluded. Most damaging to the quality of the book was subjection of the text to a variety of editorial refinements including extensive rewriting. Ray Lewis White, editor of several other critical texts of Anderson's books as well as *The Achievement of Sherwood Anderson* (1966), merits commendation for providing us with a version of the *Memoirs* that probably comes as close to its author's conception of the work as an editor can hope to do. In it one can see why, at the close of his career, Anderson was neither vainglorious nor woolly as he crystallized the essence of his existence:

> Fortunate to have been born an American in what may well turn out to be America's happiest period, to have been born poor and in a small town, when community life was intimate and close, to have had to work as a laborer both in factories and on farms, to have known thus from whence comes the food that has nourished my body and with what toil it is produced, to have had the mother and the always picturesque father I had, fortunate in my brothers, on the whole in my loves with women, in having been born with a talent, in friends I have made, even in my enemies.

Brom Weber

Brom Weber is the author of "Sherwood Anderson," published in 1964.

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Fiction

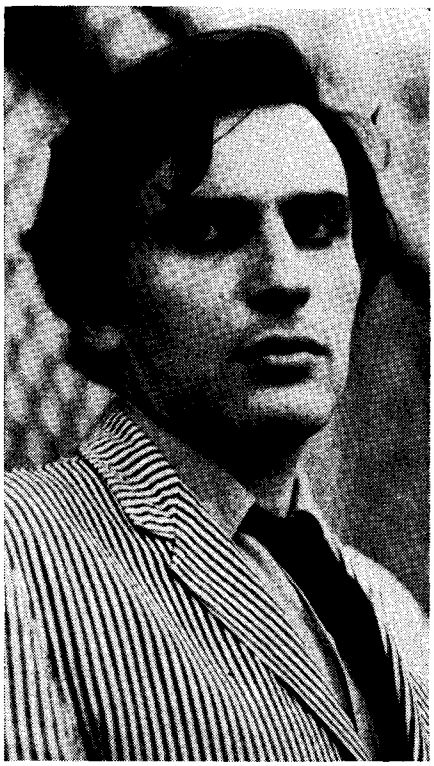
AMERICAN SCRAPBOOK

by Jerome Charyn
Viking, 177 pp., $4.95

ONE OF OUR MOST UNDERAPPRECIATED writers, who may before long break through to a deserved glory, is Jerome Charyn. His latest novel, *American Scrapbook*, which in certain important ways is unlike any of his previous works, represents a major effort by an unusually gifted writer to tell a story that probably has not been told before (at least, not effectively), but that really must be told, particularly in the present, post-moon walk era.

Innumerable are the forms of estrangement from society. Before the dream merchants of socio-politico-literary criticism reduced the plight of alienation to a Grade C, popcorn-accompanied "entertainment," it meant something heartbreakingly important to certain sensitive writers working in their own independent tradition. And it meant something even more personally painful to their literary characters, who would only resent the fake commiseration of cocktailing literati shedding crocodile tears over the poor existentialist outsiders.

American Scrapbook is therefore both fresh and conventional, in the positive sense. Charyn, taking us into a world almost totally unfamiliar—the world of the Japanese-Americans interned in government camps during World War II—shows us the real-life miseries of people without a country, people caught hopelessly in a cross-cultural conflict that they did not entirely understand, and couldn't do much about even if they did. The characters in this extremely interesting story (based apparently on a great deal of research) suffer "the agony of being able to feel neither American nor Japanese," and consequently do neither their country nor themselves any good.



Jerome Charyn—"both fresh and conventional."

Almost all of the important figures in the story are members of the Tanaka family, confined in Manzanar, an internment camp about 300 miles from San Francisco, in Inyo County. This forced and degrading relocation has intensified certain innate weaknesses in the family. When we meet the various members—through stream-of-consciousness reports in the Faulknerian mode—it is clear that a process of social deterioration has set in and that the Tanakas will suffer increasingly. Mrs. Tanaka, through complicated circumstances, has been unjustly imprisoned in Montana, and her husband, a simple-minded man of the soil who cares nothing for his children and resents the bossiness of his older daughter, Fumiko, has gone to live in the bachelor quarters of the camp. This leaves the five children and Fumiko's husband, Mitsuo, to deal with unfathomable stresses and strains in their own ineffective ways. It also makes for a tightly organized tale that bears no relation (despite the violence in the book) to stereotypical war novels.

The Japanese-Americans, some of whom were born in Japan and have always resisted acculturation, suffer both from what the "white faces" are doing to them and what they are doing to themselves. Their own intensified sense of inferiority and dislocation makes the Tanakas, for example, live up to an unflattering racial stereotype. And this same feeling also makes a number of the Japanese-American males paranoiacally and sadistically chauvinistic; they terrorize the pro-American Japanese and wage continuous warfare against white authority. So, in a way, thirteen-year-old Ruby Tanaka's willing pregnancy, through the offices of a disgruntled, aggressive boy whose uncle is a revered leader of the old-country Japanese, is emblematic of the plight of the whole group. And similarly with the deterioration of two of her brothers, Harold and Chuichi, after the former is fired as editor of the camp newspaper and the latter is, oddly enough, kicked out of the service.

The expense of spirit, here illustrated by the confused and angered Japanese-Americans, is a familiar theme in Charyn's work. "We'd much rather squabble among ourselves than fight the Hakujins," Chuichi says wryly near the apocalyptic conclusion.

Filling out the absorbing stream-of-consciousness narrative are other engrossing features, including a wild comic extravaganza (a utopian daydream about camp life), that also represent Charyn at his best. Even if the story were not allegorical, a pointed fable for our time, it would still be an impressive achievement, a brilliant refinement of all the existentialist clichés mouthed at the literary-political soirées.

Samuel I. Bellman

Samuel I. Bellman publishes poetry and literary criticism in various journals.

THE WITCHES: Three Tales of Sorcery

by Françoise Mallet-Joris, translated from the French by Herma Briffault
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 391 pp., $6.95

NOW, WITH OUR NOISY GENERATION taking up the occult (tarot cards, societies of witches, and even university courses tracing the history of the "accursed sciences"), and with the quieter age groups watching a suburban sorceress on television, this book by one of the best contemporary writers in French teaches a pertinent lesson—that sorcery was actually not the jolly business it may seem today.

Françoise Mallet-Joris, the Franco-Belgian author who has already situated two of her novels in the period of Richelieu, here returns to those times to tell the story of three unhappy witches. Two of them were burned at the stake, while the third sent her lover there and ended her own life in a convent. From trial documents, medical reports, and studies of demonology, Mme. Mallet-Joris has reconstructed these three lives. The basic facts are historical; that they can conjure up real people and real times is the part of fiction—a writer's brand of magic.

Anne de Chantraine, who at the age of seventeen years and three months makes a little good-bye gesture from the scaffold and enjoys a moment of supreme importance; Elizabeth de Ranfaing, who writhes and foams and calls out for her lover yet will not let him near; Jeanne Harvilliers, who, about to be put to the question, still ponders further mischief—all are what their childhood has made them.

Anne was a "thin, malodorous little creature," a peddler's child who accompanied her drunken father on his

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rounds. She fought hunger and cold with daydreams until she no longer separated the real from the unreal. Mythomania prepared her psychologically for witchcraft; native cunning sharpened by necessity gave her powers that people would find supernatural. Although she herself never quite believed in them, it scarcely mattered, so befuddled had her pitiful play-acting left her.

Elizabeth, the second witch, had been brought up by a neurotic mother who daily turned the little girl's conscience inside out looking for vanity, corruption, and deceit. Forced by her mother into a marriage of convenience, Elizabeth became apathetic, then violent, until "like a beast, a stinking beast" this beautiful girl had to submit to exorcism.

Jeanne had seen her own mother burned as a witch. Henceforth she vowed to mankind her hatred and her vengeance.

The author peruses the records of these lives and, as a woman, as a mother perhaps, but particularly as a writer trained in the method of analysis that has long been the glory of French fiction, shows how these three became witches. She treats them as a moralist, too (and this is also in the French tradition), since these women, if not sorceresses, were still servants of the Devil, all guilty of monstrous pride. Anne exults when a peasant woman eats dirt at her bidding; Elizabeth destroys everybody who would love her; Jeanne's unique ambition is to have the world acknowledge the triumph of evil. The author's grim irony scarcely gives Jeanne's prejudice the lie. All the human specimens that surround the heroines are shown to be base, cruel, or stupid. Yet we feel sorry for them, as doubtless does the author, for they are made evil by life and the times.

Their times were not the Middle Ages, the author reminds us, but the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: the period of the Renaissance, the age that produced Montaigne and Descartes. Exploring this phenomenon with Françoise Mallet-Joris is like descending into hell. We pass through circles of the damned, witness fits, tortures, and executions, with the smell of burning flesh reaching our nostrils. Deploying the resources of a Flemish imagination, the author evokes a background of fantastic horror for her witches, martyred by their fellow men and by their own passions, driven to the ultimate in degradation, only to find that the Devil's sperm is cold.

Laurent LeSage

Laurent LeSage teaches French literature at Pennsylvania State University.

COMMAND, AND I WILL OBEY YOU

by Alberto Moravia, translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 190 pp., $5.50

THE FIRST THING that will strike the reader contemplating this latest publication by Italy's most fertile storyteller is that all of the items in the collection are of the same length—none shorter than six pages, none longer than eight. This suggests that they were originally written for the "third page" (always dedicated to matters of literature and art) of an Italian newspaper; Moravia among his other distinctions is a *terzapaginista* without rivals. Only a uniquely competent craftsman could go on week after week meeting the strict requirements of this kind of literary Houdinism. There is no more skilled technician than Moravia active today in the world of letters, with the possible exception of some writers of detective stories, with whom he has, as a matter of fact, a certain affinity.

But is this kind of expertise enough? Ever since Moravia's first glittering success forty years ago critics have been watching his progress with a combination of admiration and suspicion. Is there anything more to his art than scintillant competence? Can we chart any development in his work, any broadening of range or deepening of perception over these four decades of inexhaustible output? Assessing his work as a whole, Donald Heiney has remarked with justice that to some at least the Moravian pattern "may seem . . . monotonous, the mechanical repetitiousness of a writer who has succeeded in popularizing certain psychological and philosophical ideas latent in the atmosphere of his time." To which we may answer that "the mixture as before" is not necessarily a bad prescription for a writer if the mixture itself commands our respect. We may admire in Moravia, as in Somerset Maugham, the coiner of that wry phrase "autocriticism," the persistent vitality of inspiration, the enduring sharpness of observation and the consistent skill in depicting what the eye takes in.

The present collection, however, may have some surprises for those who are familiar with Moravia only as a kind of dispassionate, half-cynical chronicler of the sordid with an eye to realistic and quasi-pornographic detail. Such is the Moravia of *Woman of Rome*, *The Conformist* and indeed most of the novels which have made him famous; it is also the Moravia of the *Roman Tales*. But the stories of *Command, and I Will Obey You* are for the most part the product of the "surrealistic" Moravia, already operative in *The Lazy Man's Dreams* of thirty years ago.

Most of them, although given a precisely placed Roman background, might be called mini-fables. A realistic setting is used as a springboard for commentary on human values; the commonplace and banal substance is warped and caricatured to make a point that is essentially moralistic. "A Middling Type" points up a sad kind of determinism in the trajectory of unimaginative humanity, "All-seeing" is an allegory of complacent passivity, "You Know Me, Carlo" tells us something about the tentative nature of human associations; there are other titles the "lessons" of which are less obvious, but in all cases there is something behind the story. Perhaps the most malicious and in its ironic way the saddest tale of all is "Don't Let's Be Dramatic," wherein a recently bereaved husband hastens to replace his wife with a casual stranger. Most of the stories are told about—and by, for Moravia's intent calls for the use of the first person—middle-class or lower-middle-class Romans; but, to cite the two extremes of the spectrum, one recounts the love affair of a computer and in another a brindled boxer tells of his discovery that "the world is a bone."

Command, and I Will Obey You is a good mixture; it is not likely to add to Moravia's stature but it will not detract from it either. And the reading will be pleasant, amusing and perhaps educational.

Thomas G. Bergin

Thomas G. Bergin has written numerous articles on contemporary Italian fiction.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1359

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1359 will be found in the next issue.

TH WRD ELU IRV ZULW GXU-

ZUL, WRD NPRDXS JU GRIGTX-

TEVRLW.

—STNLEUXT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1358

. . . The most comic things of all are . . . most worth doing—such as making love.

—G. K. CHESTERTON.

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Ethology

THE SOUL OF THE APE

by Eugène Marais

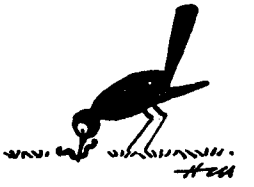
Atheneum, 226 pp., $5.95

WHY PUBLISH A LONG-LOST scientific manuscript by a relatively forgotten South African? In most fields of science anything written as long ago as 1922 would now be of purely historical interest. And yet, Eugène Marais's *Soul of the Ape* is worth reading by those who are concerned with the subtle relationships between human and animal behavior, revealed at the intersection of ethology and psychology.

Born in 1871, Marais was a brooding, brilliant, and isolated scientist, journalist, and lawyer. Just after the turn of the century he conducted what seems to have been the first extended field study of a primate species under purely natural conditions, observing chacma baboons in Transvaal for three years. Because of dislocations caused by the Boer War, these baboons had had virtually no contact with humans for a number of years; as a result, Marais and a research assistant were able to watch the baboon troop without disturbing it, identifying individuals and carefully noting their behavior over a prolonged period.

Marais's manuscript, based on this field research, is not a specialized monograph of the type now fashionable in primate studies. Rather, *The Soul of the Ape* is an attempt to compare baboons and humans in an evolutionary perspective; written in generally accessible terms, Marais's speculations—like Freud's of the same epoch—grapple with the mysteries of the human psyche and the biological roots of man's behavior. And, like Freud, Marais makes fascinating reading even where recent field work has shown his interpretation to be incorrect (as in the presumed "homosexuality" of baboons, now interpreted as a "mounting response" that can be a social greeting, a sign of dominance or inferiority, or a genuine sexual signal, depending on the circumstances and moods of those involved).

In most cases, however, *The Soul of the Ape* is surprisingly up to date.



Marais was apparently the first to demonstrate that primates reared in isolation are incapable of normal social and sexual behavior. He was also the first to document cultural differences between bands of a single species. Such findings, amply confirmed by recent ethology, demolish the once unquestioned belief that there is a sharp gulf between animals, supposedly governed solely by instinct, and men, who alone must learn how to act, and who alone learn different customs in different societies.

But, while Marais saw clearly the importance of learning and cultural tradition in baboons, he was more intrigued by the persistence of instinctual elements in human behavior. Here, too, modern ethology has shown the insufficiency of the old-fashioned dichotomy between man and animal; in fact, Marais's analysis fits in so well with more recent work by Lorenz, Tinbergern, and their school that the main differences are merely questions of terminology.

For example, Konrad Lorenz has argued that the simplistic distinction between instinct and learning should be reinterpreted in terms of an organism's capacity to acquire information about its environment. Hence, in *Evolution and the Modification of Behavior*, perhaps his most important work though it has been almost totally neglected by critics of *On Aggression*, Lorenz argues: "Besides the two channels represented a) by the adaptive processes of evolution and b) by individual acquisition of information, no third possibility exists for information being 'fed into' the organic system." Marais, writing a generation earlier, took much the same viewpoint by distinguishing between "phyletic" and "individual" memory.

This approach permits us to understand human — and indeed primate — behavior as a complex product of individual learning within a genetically determined range of possibilities. Moreover, from such a perspective it is no longer possible to deny that human behavior, despite its cultural variability, contains innate—or phylogenetically acquired — components. Coming on the heels of Desmond Morris's *The Naked Ape* and Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis* and *Territorial Imperative*, the assertion of instinctive elements in our actions is hardly novel. In 1922, when Marais drafted his manuscript, it would have seemed decidedly original.

The specific points on which Marais compares baboons and humans do not concern aggression or territoriality—traits that recent popularizations have stressed at the cost of considerable criticism. Instead, Marais saw baboons as halfway between humans and other primates (like vervet monkeys) in the extent to which individual learning—or, as he puts it, "causal memory"—dominates instinct. In particular, Marais suggests that baboons have developed something sufficiently akin to human consciousness so that, like us,

(*Continued on page 61*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ANIMAL KINGDOM

Mary Ann Weber and John L. Gaunt of Washington, D. C., ask you to complete each of these book and play titles with the name of a creature, and to assign the right author. Warning: the fill-in may be plural or require an apostrophe, and it may not be spelled in the conventional manner; also, one creature appears twice. Answers on page 61.

1. *Juno and the* _____ ( )
2. *The Hairy* _____
3. *The Voice of the* _____ ( )
4. _____ *Way* ( )
5. *The Red* _____ ( )
6. *The Marble* _____ ( )
7. *The* _____ ( )
8. *The* _____ ( )
9. *The* _____ ( )
10. *The* _____ ( )
11. *Volpone, or the* _____ ( )
12. *The Wild* _____ ( )
13. *Androcles and the* _____ ( )
14. *The Sea* _____ ( )

a. Anouilh
b. Hawthorne
c. Ibsen
d. Jonson
e. Lawrence
f. London
g. Norris
h. O'Casey
i. O'Neill
j. Proust
k. Sartre
l. Shaw
m. Steinbeck
n. Van Druten

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Excavation

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: 1947-1969

by Edmund Wilson

Oxford University Press, 320 pp., $6.50

EVER SINCE THE ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY by a goatherd of the first Qumran cave, and the subsequent finding of ancient Jewish documents there, the flow of scholarly works on the Dead Sea Scrolls has continued undiminished. The popular appeal of the story was due largely to Edmund Wilson's article in *The New Yorker* in 1955, later expanded and published in book form. The influence of that volume was not confined to laymen, but made itself felt among all biblical scholars.

In 1955 Wilson had no idea of the hundreds of manuscripts that would be found in the dozen caves of the Essenes. But he did predict that the ultimate importance of the Scrolls would lie in their proof of the Jewishness of Jesus, the New Testament, and early Christianity, and that these documents from the first century B.C. and the first century A.D. would precipitate a new era in biblical studies throughout the Western world. Both forecasts have been borne out in the years following the original discovery.

Now Mr. Wilson has written a supplementary volume, *The Dead Sea Scrolls: 1947-1969*, which includes a revision of the earlier book and an evaluation of the research of the last dozen years. During that time additional scrolls have been opened and published, and some new ones have been found. These include two copper scrolls containing an inventory of buried treasure which may or may not have been temple objects hidden from the Romans in 68 A.D.; an Aramaic version of Genesis which differs considerably from the biblical version; a new manuscript of the Psalms containing apocryphal material, and the *Nahum Pesher*, or commentary on the Psalms and the Prophets. These newly deciphered documents are described by Wilson and their importance evaluated.

Not the least informative chapter is one on Masada, Herod's huge fortress and palace and the site of the Zealots' last stand. The excavation of the complex was directed by Yigael Yadin of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. He and his staff unearthed Herod's palace-villa, a large bathhouse, storehouses, garrison, synagogue, and many important biblical and secular scrolls, one of which was identical in content with an Essene document from Cave 4 of Qumran, thirty miles to the north. According to Yadin, this sectarian scroll contains proof that some Essenes participated in the Zealot revolt against Rome and that the two sects were closely related. Yadin's book *Masada*, from which Wilson quotes, gives a dramatic account of the mass suicide of the Zealots in the palace as the Romans approached.

The 125 Old Testament manuscripts, found at Qumran, which included every book except Esther, range in date from 250 B.C. to 70 A.D., and most of them are 1,000 years older than any previously known Hebrew manuscripts. On the whole, the texts of these documents substantiate the standard Masoretic Hebrew text of the Old Testament. The Scrolls also shed light on the Septuagint and the Samaritan Pentateuch. Some 500 out of the 600 Qumran manuscripts thus far deciphered are of an apocryphal character—that is, they are religious writings not accepted as canonical or authoritative by orthodox Judaism. They thus add greatly to our knowledge of sectarian Judaism and the immediate background of Christianity. It is now fairly clear that the Essenes were a separatistic sect, rigidly organized, esoteric, apocalyptic in the extreme, priest-centered, and ascetic. The Essenic literature indicates that post-biblical Judaism was not as monolithic as it has usually been considered, and that early Christianity was more syncretistic than most of its followers are willing to admit.

Wilson is not always dispassionate in his criticism of certain archeologists and their views. The Scrolls have pointed up the sharp divergence between those scholars who are committed to an orthodox Jewish or Christian theology and consequently oppose anything that would challenge it, and the more liberal interpreters who are willing to let the chips fall where they may. Although Wilson is at times overly blunt, it is perhaps salutary to have an independent observer evaluate from a non-theological standpoint the ideas propounded by specialists.

There are many lengthy digressions which may appear to the general reader to be irrelevant, such as the chapter on Mormonism and its prophet, Wilson's account of his personal experiences in Israel and Jordan, and a section on the June 1967 war. These minor defects—if such they be—are, however, relatively unimportant compared to Wilson's comprehensive grasp of the facts and his discriminating discussion of the conflicting interpretations. For the most part the volume is provocative and absorbing.

Fred Gladstone Bratton

Fred Gladstone Bratton is the author of "A History of Egyptian Archaeology" and other books.

Latin America

ZINACANTAN:
A Maya Community in the Highlands of Chiapas

by Evon Z. Vogt

Harvard University Press, 733 pp., $25

MOST PEOPLE THINK OF THE MAYA as an ancient Middle American civilization which was crushed by the Spaniards and is known to us now only by its archeological residue. The Maya were indeed subjugated by the Spaniards and forced into the Spanish economic, political, and religious mold, but they have maintained their language, their identity, and a good deal of their culture despite four and a half centuries of alien rule. These much reduced heirs to the brilliant Mayan culture today number in the hundreds of thousands, and are found in Yucatán and in the highlands of Guatemala and the adjoining Mexican state of Chiapas.

The interest excited by their forebears has attracted a number of anthropologists to the contemporary Maya, beginning with German ethnographers in the early years of this century and continuing with such noted anthropologists as Ruth Bunzel, Oliver La Farge, Robert Redfield, Sol Tax, Alfonso Villa Rojos, and Charles Wagley. As the ranks of social anthropology have grown, increasing numbers of scholars have entered the rich field of Mayan research, and training programs for graduate students, all centered at the Chiapas town of San Cristóbal Las Casas, have been established by Harvard and Stanford universities and the University of Chicago.

The Mayan speakers thus promise to be among the best studied of the world's peoples, and the results should be of great significance beyond the im-

Zinacantecans at the shrine of Kalvario (Calvary)—"a Catholicism with a distinctly Mayan flavor."

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mediate goal of understanding the workings of their societies. Anthropology has long needed more ethnographic studies conducted over a long span of time and pursued in depth and detail, for it is true of all the sciences that the most general of theories emerge from the most minute of observations.

The Harvard Chiapas project was initiated in 1957 by Evon Vogt, the author of *Zinacantan: A Maya Community in the Highlands of Chiapas*. Its purpose has been twofold. First, the program has had the scientific goal of compiling a thorough ethnography of the Maya of the Mexican municipality of Zinacantan and deriving an analysis of its social structure and the changes to which it has been subjected since the first contact with the Spanish *conquistadores*. Second, it has been a human laboratory in which students were given training in ethnographic field work. The coalescence of the two enterprises has constituted one of the largest-scale investigations ever mounted by social anthropologists, and is diagnostic of the transition in the discipline from the single investigator armed with a notebook, pencil, and quinine tablets to the modern research team. Not all anthropologists look upon this as a happy development, for anthropology has long been one of the last refuges of the individualist; but few will deny that it is the shape of the future.

The results to date have been impressive. Some two dozen Harvard graduate students have done their major ethnographic field work in Zinacantan, and undergraduates from Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, and Illinois have had their first intensive exposure to a foreign culture while doing summer research in the area. A number of doctoral dissertations have resulted, with more to follow, and the total bibliography of books, articles, and manuscripts on Zinacantan fills pages. Vogt is clearly one of those rare academicians who combine scholarly talent with administrative ability and dedication to teaching.

Zinacantan is based upon the twenty months Vogt has personally spent in research, and upon the findings of his students and associates. Whereas the latter have published on certain delimited aspects of Zinacantecan society, Vogt has set himself the task of producing a general ethnography of the community. The book is thus cast in the classic anthropological tradition of descriptive analysis of an entire culture, a procedure that allows for the presentation of a way of life in all its dimensions and interrelationships. Its twenty-five chapters are arranged in five parts: There are two chapters

"Shamans who attract wandering souls back to their sick owners."

on the geographic and cultural setting, four on material culture and economics, six on social structure, ten on religious beliefs and rituals; the remaining three chapters are given to summation and analysis. This handsomely made and beautifully illustrated volume encompasses one of the most complete descriptions available of a native Indian culture south of the United States.

The mode of life in Zinacantan resembles the ancient Maya pattern known to us from archeology and the Spanish chronicles. The municipality has a total population of some 8,000, but only 400 live in the town itself. The latter is a ceremonial and marketing center which serves the inhabitants of fifteen hamlets that dot the surrounding hills and valleys. The hamlets in turn are composed of several types of family unit. The residents of these scattered settlements are not at all isolated from Zinacantan proper, but travel there frequently for commerce, religious observances, and to seek recourse to the civil authorities. Moreover, they also take part in a series of rotating church and political offices in Zinacantan center, activities that further serve to bind the municipality into an organic social unit.

Vogt believes that this hierarchy of farmstead, family group, hamlet, and ceremonial center formed the basic mode of organization of the ancient Maya, and he raises the question of whether the system of rotating political and religious offices found among the contemporary Maya was also a custom of their ancestors. Most anthropologists would deduce from the internal evidence a more rigid class structure, but the author leaves the matter open in the expectation that further archeological work will resolve the problem.

Whatever the relation of present Zinacantecan political organization to the past, the sphere of religion provides more vivid continuity. The ancient Mayan concept of a quadrilateral universe persists, sometimes obscurely, and belief is maintained in traditional sacred places, deities, and spirits. In most cases the native religion is thoroughly interwoven with the Catholicism of the early colonial period. Almost all the Zinacantecans consider themselves devout Catholics, but theirs is a Catholicism with a distinctly Mayan flavor. There are churches and a visiting priest who says Mass and hears confessions; there are also shamans who attract wandering souls back to the bodies of their sick owners, a procedure that involves the sacrifice of a chicken before a shrine composed of crosses set at the summit of a mountain sacred to the ancients. Zinacantecan culture derives from a blend of the Maya and the Hispanic, but it is now neither.

Just as the arrival of the first Spaniards in 1523 signaled one great phase of change in Highlands Maya culture, so is our period the beginning of a second profound transformation. The Pan-American Highway was extended to San Cristóbal in 1950, bypassing Zinacantan by only a few miles, and this has brought the community into direct contact with modern Mexican society. While Vogt ventures some hunches about what the municipality will be like in 1984, most of his predictions are simple extensions of current trends. One can suspect that the change will be more cataclysmic, given the forces presently at work in the outside urban-industrial society. There was a time when the missionaries came first, followed closely by the traders. We are now in an age when the anthropologist is the immediate forerunner of the tourist.

Zinacantan makes no pretensions to grand theory, which is proper for a book that, however comprehensive, is an interim report in a continuing research venture. Theoretical considerations do of course enter into Vogt's analysis of the operation of Zinacantecan society and in his dissection of the processes of cultural change, but above all the book is splendid ethnography. In a discipline that cherishes its tradition of empirical research there can be no higher praise.

Robert F. Murphy

Robert F. Murphy, a professor of anthropology at Columbia University, has written articles on the ethnography of North American Indians.

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Black Wasteland

Continued from page 34

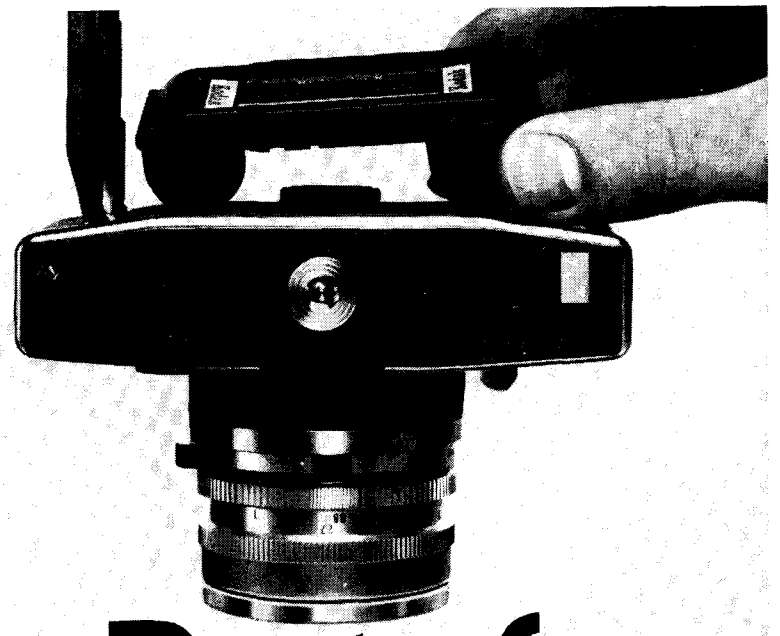
pean predecessors, who ascended the economic ladder in the inner city. They point to the weakening of ethnic ties when the Negro was wrenched from the highly sophisticated, tightly knit family structure of Africa and transported to an alien environment. They point to the cumulative lack of educational opportunity. They point to the welfare system and its destructive effect on family and group solidarity. And they point to the pervasive and debilitating effects of racial prejudice.

But the cold facts—the cumulative results—are seen in the statistics. The proportion of minority group members in the central city continues to increase. Non-white unemployment, particularly in the vulnerable sixteen-to-twenty-one age group, is twice that for whites. The gap in median incomes between white and non-white families is measured in the thousands of dollars, and may be growing. There is a disproportionate concentration of non-white workers in blue-collar and service occupations at a time when, because of the structure of the American economy, they are growing less than heretofore. At all times unskilled labor is more vulnerable than skilled to the business cycle, and hence to seasonal or periodic unemployment. It is, in short, possible for the problem to become increasingly acute.

Even in the few areas of Negro entrepreneurship — those with which Mr. Cross is particularly concerned— the opportunities for securing an equitable share of the national income have traditionally been limited and may be declining. As Cross's and countless other studies have documented, even such minority-group enterprises as beauty and barbershops, restaurants, cleaning establishments, auto-repair shops, secondhand stores, groceries, and shoe-repair shops are undercapitalized, dependent upon black clientele, and located away from prime commercial sections. Thus there is much to concern us if the entire emphasis on entrepreneurial development is placed on small enterprises, which may be on the downward economic spiral.

The minority-group employment problem, let it be said, is not restricted to one race or one region. The over-all economic impact in terms of the direct losses suffered in national income due to discrimination and underemployment was estimated early in the decade to be in excess of $14.3 billion a year. The indirect loss comes to billions more.

It is in many ways easier to see the bench marks and milestones on a finite



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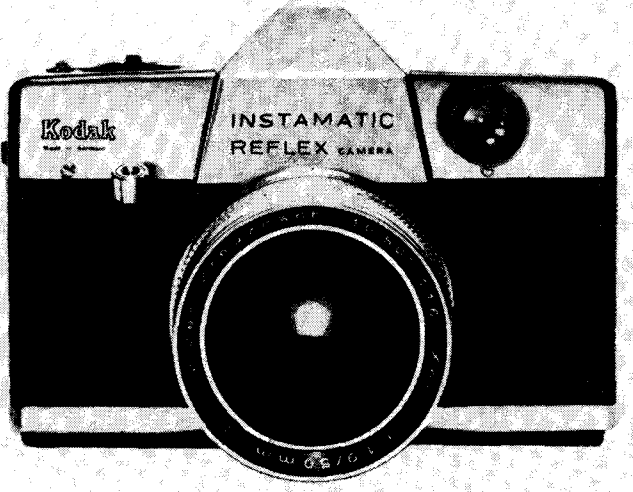

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journey to the moon than to measure progress in the continuing effort to achieve racial harmony and economic well-being. The latter cannot be measured in dollars, miles or numbers; nor is the correct path to the goal ever clear or unequivocal. Therein lies the frustration and the challenge.

The problems are large enough to involve everyone in their solution. The number of citizens of all races who have become engaged in minority-enterprise projects indicates a reservoir of dedicated people far larger than many had supposed. Mr. Cross's book contains an invaluable listing of more than 100 such black entrepreneurship and company programs which should be hailed for their forward-looking efforts.

Several areas in expanding sectors of our economy hold forth special promise for the minority entrepreneur. In particular, the franchising concept offers numerous attractions: national advertising, brand-name identification to obtain customer loyalty, quality control, training in managerial skills, and often a relatively low initial capital outlay. The incentives suggested by Mr. Cross would encourage such ventures as well as the development of clusters or complexes of businesses in newly enhanced areas of the ghetto.

The process will be slow, and painful, but with determination it can begin now as one visible avenue of opportunity. The thoughtful study by Theodore Cross represents a step toward the achievement of conditions under which all citizens can share in the benefits of the American economy.

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The Black's Past

Continued from page 36

road whistled dangerously along its track to free Ontario. Accounts emerged of Negro service to the liberating armies in the Civil War, of businesses established, schools and colleges founded, newspapers published, and finally of public offices won in the government of cities, states, the Congress of the United States, and even in world organizations.

The history of the early decades of Negro emergence is often appalling: a record of tribal warfare, slave ships, labor in sultry Virginia kitchens and scorching Mississippi cotton fields. Then came the dawning of hope, as slaves escaped by canebrake and river; and after that the spiritual awakening portrayed in W.E.B. DuBois's *The Soul of Black Folk* and the intellectual liberation traced with such spirited vigor in DuBois's *Autobiography* and the poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar.

It is the historical and critical works assessing Negro achievement that seem at the moment to be the most disappointing parts of this series. Such a book as Albert S. Foley's account of Negro Catholic leaders, *God's Men of Color*, is wistful rather than impressive. Aspiring rather than satisfying are works like I. Garland Penn's *The Afro-American Press and Its Literature*, reprinted from a little-known copy in the Harvard Library and apparently now copyrighted for the first time. Although it bears a careful and informative introduction by Ernest Kaiser of the Schonburg Collection, it represents a tentative beginning rather than a definitive tilling of even part of a rich field.

After the historians of the age of injustice and endurance, and the historians of the era of struggle and emergence, will assuredly come mature historians of the age of achievement. No story of growth and ascent is more striking than that of the Negro, and it will undoubtedly inspire great scholarship.

Many readers of this series will be particularly grateful for such semi-classic historical books as J. T. Trowbridge's *The South: A Tour of Its Battlefields and Ruined Cities*. The author, an anti-slavery Northern journalist, visited various towns and cities of the former Confederacy during the summer of 1865 and the following winter, inspecting the most famous battlefields, following the track of devastating Yankee armies, and talking with as many veterans of the war from both sides as possible, with state and town officials, "low-down whites," Negroes, businessmen, and participants in the Reconstruction. The book provides vivid descriptions of Gettysburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness as they looked after the conflict. Here too are Trowbridge's impressions of the site of John Brown's trial in Charlestown, West Virginia, a poignant account of Shiloh as the first skeletons were brought out of their graves, of a chain gang of Negroes at work in a street of Selma, Alabama, and of the great postwar explosion in Mobile, which killed 500 people. The book may be especially valuable to black scholars of today and tomorrow for its reproduction of a lively dialogue with General Fiske of the Freedman's Bureau, in which Fiske tells of his warning to the mayor of Nashville that if he did not take care of the city's poor, Fiske would assess the whiskey

shops for their benefit. Fiske also told Trowbridge that the Negroes, although charged with indolence, were actually more industrious than the whites.

This volume, like others in the series, is adorned with an incisive introduction. In this case Otto H. Olsen of the History Department of the University of Northern Illinois enlarges upon the book's merits, both literary and historical, for Trowbridge was certainly one of the shrewdest and most accurate observers of the postwar South. (In some ways, even better are his descriptions in *A Picture of the Desolated States*, published in 1868.)

Another valuable account of the postwar South is Sidney Andrews's *The South Since the War* (1866). Andrews was struck by the deplorable extent to which the social fabric of the Carolinas and Georgia was seamed by class distinctions and antagonisms. He was particularly offended by the arrogant ruling class. The deep division between the Up-country and the Low-country in South Carolina struck him as more disheartening than the split between whites and blacks. Like Trowbridge, Andrews gives us striking passages on miscegenation.

Of interest to all students of the history of the South, white or black, is Thomas Wentworth Higginson's *Black Rebellion* (1889). Higginson's chapters on the uprisings of the maroons, or refugee slaves of Jamaica and British Guiana, represent prolonged research in the best sources available and are narrated with skill and verve. So are his passages on the revolts led by the slave Gabriel in Virginia, the thoughtful and talented Denmark Vesey in

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Charleston, South Carolina, and Nat Turner in Southampton County, Virginia. Particularly effective is Higginson's record, based on careful study of newspapers and official documents in the South, of the widespread repercussions of these outbreaks. The volume, enhanced by the scholarly editing of James M. McPherson of Princeton, is a searching study of the major Negro rebellions.

One of the most hopeful aspects of this collection is the inclusion of works by various Southern leaders, white and black, which show how in the first years after Appomattox a new spirit was appearing and a fresh type of leadership being born on both sides of the color line. Among the most notable books of this type is the autobiography of John Mercer Langston, *From the Virginia Plantation to the National Capitol*. It presents the story of the first and as yet the only Negro Congressman from Virginia, a graduate of Oberlin and a born leader who, after experience as an official of the Freedman's Bureau, eventually became U.S. Minister to Haiti and president of the Virginia Normal Institute. Ernest Kaiser in his introduction states that Langston's memoir "stands as a landmark for its early period."

This shelf of books will inevitably grow. Valuable additional volumes will necessarily be included as soon as publishing arrangements can be made. The basic series should, of course, include the works of Frederick Law Olmstead: *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States, A Journey in the Back Country*, and *A Journey Through Texas, or a Saddle Trip on the Southwestern Frontier*. These three essential and fascinating books, packed with historical, agricultural and statistical information, were later published together in two volumes and still later reissued with an introduction by A.M. Schlesinger (1963).

Equally important for the series will be the engrossing narrative by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, *Army Life in a Black Regiment*. (The author led the first Negro regiment during the Civil War.) Still other indispensable volumes will be Ray Stannard Baker's *Following the Color Line* and Frances Anne Kemble's *Journal of Residence on a Georgia Plantation*. Room too should be found for Frederic Bancroft's *Slave Trading in the Old South*, for George Cable's *The Negro Question: A Selection of Writings on Civil Rights in the South*, edited by Arlin Turner, and William Law Mathieson's *British Slavery and Its Abolition, 1823-1828* and *British Slavery and Emancipation, 1801-1849* (London, 1932). This list could be much extended, and will of course grow constantly longer.

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

New Kick in the Italian Boot

YEAR AFTER YEAR the coastal region of Calabria—instep and toe of the Italian boot—has seen the tourists come and go. They'd come from the north and they'd go on to Sicily, passing as speedily as possible through Calabria on their way down or back. Hardly anyone ever stopped to see if it was anything but backward, impoverished, grim, and forbidding.

Now all this is about to change, as a color supplement to Rome's daily *Il Tempo* disclosed recently. "*Un vero boom*," shouted the headlines, and the text described in dazzling detail a new Riviera rising in the once blighted *Mezzogiorno*. "Hotels, apartment houses, villas, beaches, and promenades are glamourizing Europe's latest glamour coast!"

Duly impressed, I packed immediately and left Rome for a close look at the newly sizzling South. My first stop was Maratea, on the Bay of Policastro, about 120 miles from Naples. This sprawling community consists of five hamlets and 15 kilometers of spectacular coastline. At first, it appears to be a complete departure from the highly polished, tourist-wise atmosphere around Naples. Densely wooded mountains, hidden grottoes, and intimate little beaches wedged between craggy rocks give Maratea a virginal, undiscovered look. Its sleepy villages, inhabited by friendly, slow-moving people, are as rugged as the land that surrounds them.

But the impression of an undeveloped wilderness flees as one comes upon modern, gleaming white houses and landscaped gardens. "They're finally beginning to discover us," said the villager who gave me a conducted tour of the area. "That villa belongs to an English couple who came in their Rolls-Royce and stayed to build a house. The place over there is owned by people from Paris. The one next to it belongs to a family from Milan. People are building here, because they're getting more for their money. Labor is one-third cheaper than up north. You can build a villa for from six- to nine-million lire [roughly $10-15,000], and the way people are flocking here it looks like a good investment."

We pulled up in front of the luxurious Santavenere Hotel, next to an array of cars from everywhere. "Switzerland. England. Munich. Bologna. Now and then we even get a car from America." We drove to the tiny harbor a short distance from the hotel. One lone yacht of Panamanian registry was docked there. "Come back next year," commented my companion, "and there won't be enough room to squeeze in a rowboat."

Near the village of Acquafredda we left the highway and followed a bumpy dirt road that seemed to lead nowhere; but after crossing a decrepit bridge with cardboard-thin railings, we reached the private beach of the *pensione* La Conchiglia. The owners, a young couple from Brescia, came here as tourists last year, fell in love with the coast, and built the *pensione*. "First we hired a prizewinning chef," they said pointing proudly to a framed diploma on the wall. "Fixing the road comes next."

Maratea's cheery confidence in its future as an international playground seemed mild and subdued compared to what I encountered at my next stop. Reggio, with a population of 150,000, is Calabria's hub and the center of the new prosperity. The streets are jammed with Fiat 500s and unhurried shoppers who find the stores and boutiques inexpensive.

Along the Corso Garibaldi, Reggio's main thoroughfare, there are three or four pastry shops on each block, but it turns out that the sign "*Pasticceria*" also describes an espresso bar, a corner saloon, and—in one case—an automobile showroom. A low-slung red Lancia with price tag sits in the middle of the shop, beside Perugina candy boxes and Campari bottles.

T-cranes tower above construction sites. The din of jackhammers and cement mixers is the music of Reggio, and it's pure opera to the townsfolk. At a real estate office I learned that the construction boom is due in part to an imminent change in the building code. Everybody wants to get in under the wire. A three-room co-op sells for $30,000, plus a $25 monthly maintenance charge. A shop on the main street rents for $580 a month.

"They told me building here is cheaper than up north," I suggested, but the man shook his head. "Remember, this is earthquake country and every wall and ceiling has to be reinforced. Reggio was completely destroyed in 1908. That's why it's such a modern city. Every house was rebuilt."

"But labor is cheap here," I insisted. "One-third less than up north."

"That's the crazy thing! Years ago thousands of unemployed Calabresi went north to the factories of Milano and Torino to find work. They settled there with their families, and now that Calabria has a labor shortage they won't come home. That's why we have to import northern workers to build our houses."

At this point Reggio's touristic future shows more promise than fulfill-

Maratea on Calabria's new Riviera—"They're finally beginning to discover us."

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ment. It all smacks of a show whose opening date hasn't been set, and a review would seem a bit unfair at this stage. The sets are still under construction and the cast hasn't quite memorized its lines. At most hotels and restaurants English is sketchy at best, but everyone seems eager to learn. Waiters and hotel personnel troop off daily to language courses and are anxious to practice on vacationing outlanders.

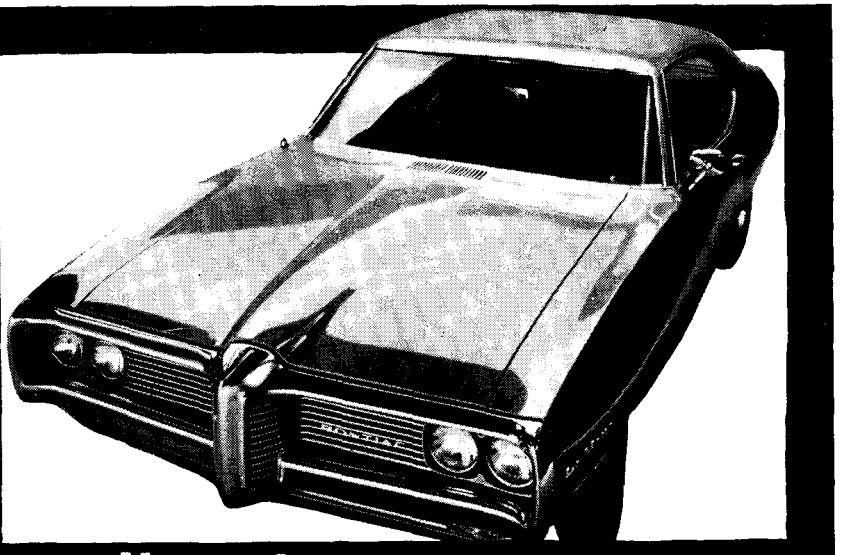
The Lungomare—a magnificent avenue with subtropical vegetation and an unequalled view of Sicily's shore and Mount Etna—is, in Gabriele d'Annunzio's words, "Italy's most beautiful kilometer." The architecture, an odd mélange of styles including Venetian, Moorish, and contemporary, forms a suitable background for a fashionable international promenade. Yet, somehow it seems incomplete. What's missing is the atmosphere of a Croisette or a Promenade des Anglais.

"Wait 'til next year," say the waiters at the cafés, "when all the tables will be filled with rich and elegant strangers from every corner of the world." This is also the line at the Lido where new cabañas, a restaurant, and a theater are being built, and where bricklayers ogle passing bikinis and whistle while they work.

The terrace of Il Roof Garden, a street-level café, is a rendezvous of the affluent. Clusters of Italian men, wearing tight suits of earth colors ranging from raw ochre to badly burnt sienna, wheel and deal while sipping their *cappuccino*. (Their conversation rings like an auction: "Five hundred thousand lire"; "Two million lire"; "Sixteen million lire.") They have to raise their voices to compete with the racket of a falling building next door. Over the entrance, still standing, the words *"Centro Permanente,"* chiseled in stone, are barely legible. Tomorrow this too will be rubble.

A fashionable barbershop across the way draws an endless line of well-dressed customers. With hair nets tightened over modish Roman coiffures, they are being shaved or manicured with great solicitude. The waiter from Il Roof Garden brings a tray with tiny cups of espresso. Here too the conversation revolves around tomorrow and the tourist gold that's sure to come.

Every successful coast, it seems, must have its label, its name plate. The Costa Brava. The Costa del Sol. The Costa Smeralda. The coast just north of Reggio is the Costa Viola, so named for the phosphorescent violet glow of the Straits of Messina. The coast stretches from Gioia Tauro via Palmi and Bagnara to Scilla (home of



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Homer's sea monster Scylla). The beauty of this coast has always been there, but only now is it being merchandised. The beaches here are not as stylish as those in more highly publicized resorts, but they are casual and relaxing and have a low-pressure charm of their own. At Catona, the Centro Svizzero, which was founded by a Swiss woman, offers inexpensive vacations for people who, in an ambiance of cozy simplicity, are willing to give up privacy for hearty togetherness. The Villaggio Turistico, in the hills of Altafiumara, supplies modern motel comfort at more elevated rates.

Reggio's other coast, on the underside of the toe, is the Costa Ionica with its rich Greek heritage, tangibly preserved in the ruins and relics of Locri. The local industry here, apart from tourism, is the bergamot, a pear-shaped citrus fruit whose skin yields a delicate essence highly prized by perfume manufacturers. Since the bergamot thrives only in a very mild and even climate, it gives the town a natural slogan. "Come to Locri," says the tourist board. "Here, where the bergamot flourishes, you can always be sure of delightful weather." The town of Bianco, further down the coast, competes by promising the visitor a deep tan. "Come to Bianco and turn black," the folders pun with a twinkle.

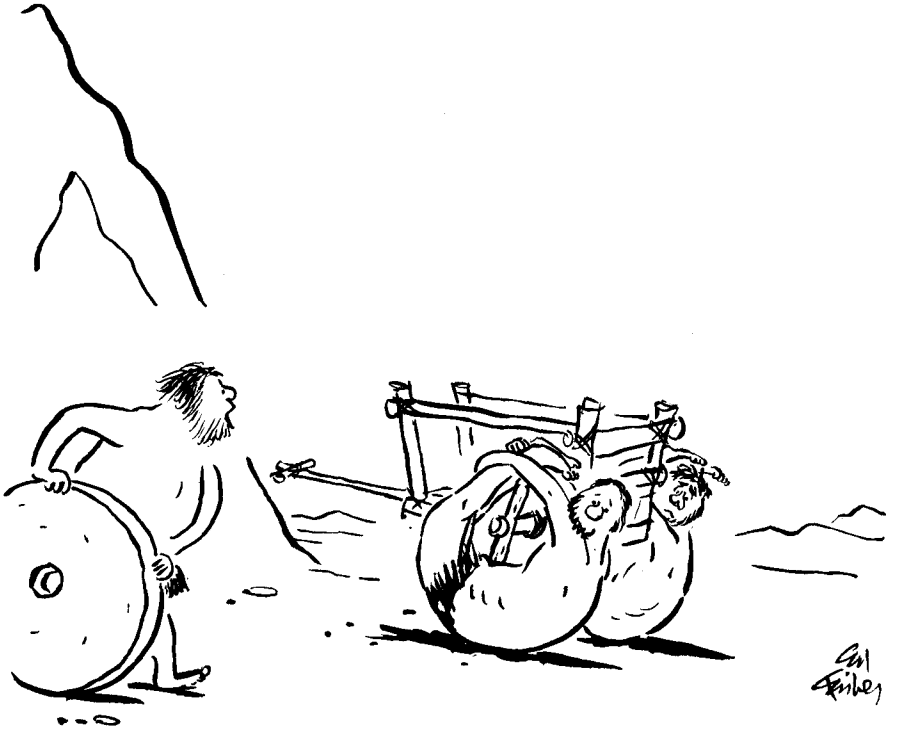
Behind the "wait 'til next year" optimism is the projected completion of the Autostrada del Sole which, starting at Milan and advancing southward at a steady clip, is now a mere 100 miles from Reggio. But fortunately the spirit of commercial mass tourism is still far away. To Regginos the camera-carrying tourist remains a welcome and interesting curiosity. They are pleasantly surprised to find themselves hosts to visitors from many countries, and they act accordingly. This, in turn, comes as a pleasing surprise to travelers who have sampled the over-exploited tourist areas in some parts of Europe.

Strangers in the street enjoy talking with visitors. The man at the post office personally licks all stamps and applies them, even if you have as many as twelve postcards and there are thirteen people waiting in line.

One thing, though, the Calabresi must learn is to turn the light on. Everybody seems to economize on electricity—perhaps in remembrance of past poverty. Restaurants are kept in darkness until a customer walks in. Then one lamp lights up; another customer, another lamp. The lobby of a first-class hotel is bathed in gloomy chiaroscuro during the midday hours when the desk isn't busy. Airline officials squint at the fine print on timetables by daylight that dimly seeps through a poster-cluttered window.

But the boom booms on. Unconnected new sections of arched viaducts, which will be part of the Autostrada, are already piled up in the suburbs of Reggio. When these spanking new replicas of ancient Roman aqueducts are completed it will be nice to know that Calabria wasn't built in a day either.

—MICHAEL BERRY.



"Sorry, boys, you're being phased out of the technology."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Putney's Complaint

PACKING THEM IN at a small New York cinema these past few weeks is a wildly offbeat little movie with the improbable title, *Putney Swope*. No small factor in swelling the attendance has been an all-out poster campaign that graphically gives the finger to Madison Avenue, which is what the film is all about. (The posters are on sale inside the theater at $1.50 a copy.) But the picture itself is not to be discounted, because, in addition to jabbing away at such relatively easy targets as Madison Avenue morals and television commercials, it also gets in some telling blows at Black Power demagogues, their lackeys, and their satellites. Curiously, the large Negro contingent in the theater the night I caught the show seemed to enjoy this aspect at least as much as they enjoyed the hilarious TV parodies.

It is no secret that far more can be accomplished with humor than with the most trenchant argument, and Robert Downey, who wrote and directed *Putney Swope* (and also spoke Putney's lines), is a very funny man. A product of New York's "underground" scene, he works with a free-wheeling, irreverent, even scatological impudence to undermine whatever aspect of whatever establishment he chooses for his attacks. Unfortunately, for all his zest and gusto and sense of fun, there is also a lack of precision, an inability (or unwillingness) to focus upon one subject and explore fully its comic implications. He scatters laughs like buckshot over material that demands first-class marksmanship.

Putney, the only Negro board member of a large advertising agency, is elected chairman upon the death of the firm's founder. (All the other board members had voted for him because each thought that nobody else would.) Switching the company name to Truth and Soul, Inc., he promptly replaces his white confreres with black soul brothers, casts his commercials with Negro performers, and uses whites only in the most menial capacities both in the office and at home. But money corrupts, and as the agency grows more successful, Putney forgets such earlier principles as refusing to handle whiskey, cigarette, or war toys accounts. He grabs the money, makes deals, and ultimately, in Fidel Castro garb, takes off, leaving the shambles of an agency to his black brothers—whose unbridled greed promptly destroys the remaining assets.

Black comedy, if you will, but Downey plays it for the easy laugh and the clever, if obvious, sight gag rather than for the mordant humor beneath the surface. And it is here that Downey betrays his underground origins. The film, photographed by Gerald Cotts in rich black and white (with color inserts for the TV commercials), looks marvelous; the music, by Charlie Cuva, is always apposite; and the cast, headed by Arnold Johnson and Laura Greene, is generally at least equal to the demands made upon it. But in Downey's no-holds-barred approach to his material, there is a lack of discipline, a lack of self-control that gradually works against the entire picture. A line that is funny is repeated until it grates. Running gags, such as the one involving the white office boy who must use the service elevator, slow to a walk when they recur without variation or fresh point. But if *Putney Swope* is neither as incisive nor as consistently amusing as one might wish, there is still verve and audacity in its view of what might happen should blacks inherit the white power structure.

One longs for a similar verve and audacity in Martin Scorsese's first feature, *Who's That Knocking at My Door?*, a solemn investigation of the premarital problems of a young Italian (Harvey Keitel) on New York's Lower East Side. Using to the hilt the discontinuous flash-back, flash-forward style of the Europeans, Scorsese permits us to discover that his youthful hero has only just learned that his fiancée (Zina Bethune) had been raped some few years earlier, and that this has thrown something of a pall over the intended nuptials. But if Scorsese gives us enough bits and pieces to patch their story together, he never gives us reason enough to care for ninety whole minutes whether the couple ever solve their difficulties or not.

A curious trait of the new generation of film-makers is that they are convinced that if a story, or a group of characters, is interesting to them, they must perforce be of interest to a

general audience as well. There is no need, they feel, to provide their people with any special characteristics, backgrounds, or even charm to heighten identification, to make audiences *want* to know these people.

If this sense of being on the outside looking in vitiates the Scorsese film, it actually serves to alienate one entirely from the French-made *More*. We are given no single reason to be concerned about a young German student (Klaus Grünberg) who gets increasingly hung up on drugs for love of Mimsy Farmer—apart from writer-director Barbet Schroeder's assurance that "it all really happened" to a friend of his. Perhaps it did, but the fact is that Schroeder, for all his apparent familiarity with the drug scene, never really makes it happen for *us*.

"Somehow I hate to think that National Secretaries Week will come to an end."

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Photography

Margaret R. Weiss

Vigeland in the Viewfinder

Though David Finn has earned an international reputation as a practitioner of the fine and applied art of public relations, only a small circle of close associates knows that he has been focusing his camera on some of the world's art treasures for the past ten years.

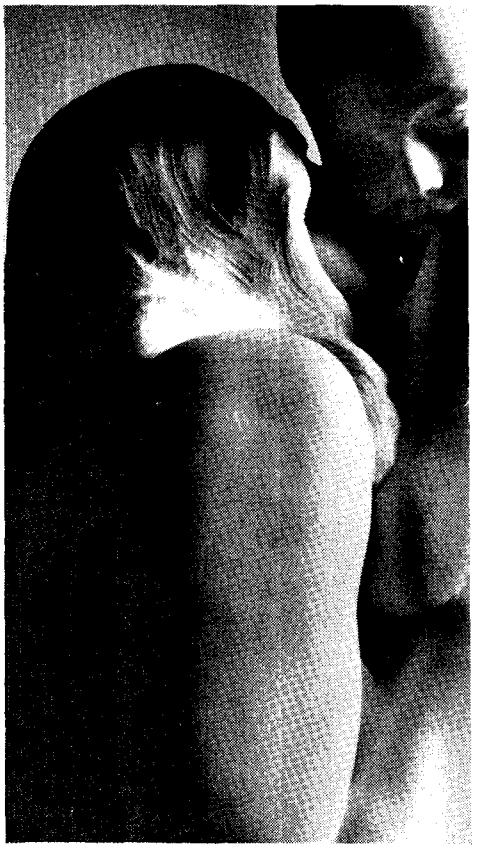
Intent on supplementing his growing private collection of sculpture and paintings with a pictorial reference file of museum masterworks, Finn has used vacation travel and spare hours during business trips abroad to excellent advantage. As much a tribute to his perceptive viewfinding as to the Norwegian sculptor whose centenary it honors is the commemorative volume *Embrace of Life* (Abrams), in which more than 300 of his color and black-and-white photographs illuminate Nathan Cabot Hale's scholarly text on Gustav Vigeland.

On three successive trips to Oslo, Finn's camera followed the tourist trail to Frogner Park and the Vigeland Museum. The hundreds of monumental granite and bronze figures dominating the city's park, monolith, fountains, bridge, and gates—Vigeland's apotheosis of the life cycle, its passions and conflicts from birth to death—offered photographic challenges of equal proportions.

"Everything I have ever learned about picturing sculptural forms was put to the test here," Finn recently observed as we reviewed his studies of the municipally owned sculpture that is relatively unknown outside its native Norway. "That was another reason that I wanted as complete a record as possible—not just a catalogue documentation, but images that would capture the forms in relation to the landscape and light that surrounded them. Really *in perspective*—in a frame of reference that would allow each selected view to relate to the whole complex and reflect the vast scope of the artist's vision."

To create substantive two-dimensional images of three-dimensional substance is a demanding task. It requires a photographer who not only comprehends but capitalizes on the interplay of light and shade, plane and surface texture, tension and thrust, the inner dynamics of inert masses. Sensitively attuned to these by early art training and a collector's love of sculptured forms, Finn brings to his camera subjects the approach of an interpretive photo-essayist rather than that of a pictorial Baedeker.

A disciple of the less-says-more doctrine, he elects a detail of a sculpture to convey the essential feeling of the whole, unless intrinsic simplicity of form demands that the piece be pictured in its entirety. Selectivity and viewpoint are the photographer's weapons against a static, dry-as-dust document. "The background of a piece can be extremely important, too, and yet this is often ignored by photographers of sculpture," Finn points out. "Vigeland fancied himself a landscape architect as well as a sculptor, but I think that he frequently did his work a disservice by the way he placed it. So in some of these views I made sure to get the trees in the background, and to leave out what seemed an ugly bridge in the foreground. The result is that one feels the figures are placed in the midst of fields and forests, which I believe is appropriate to the character of the sculptures."



". . . mood and grace of line."

". . . forms in relation to the landscape and light."

For him, the lens is a means of esthetic discovery. "One can probe, explore, and uncover aspects of an artist's work by taking angles that are not commonly photographed. Back views, heads, hands, knees—all these in themselves reveal mood and grace of line expressive of the sculptor's individual genius." On the other hand, he notes, this approach will be quick to expose weaknesses and flaws, too. "When I photographed plaster casts of Renaissance sculpture in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and compared them to my detail close-ups of the original pieces in Florence and Rome, it was immediately apparent that the casts were markedly inferior, lacking the inner strength and integrity of the originals."

Believing that a photograph ought

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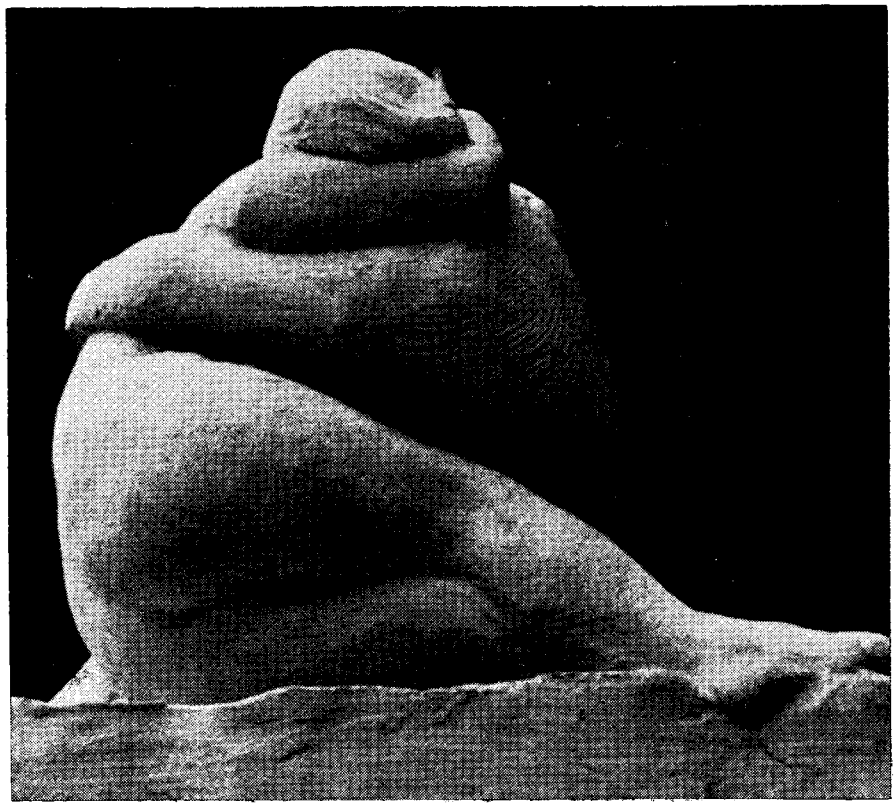
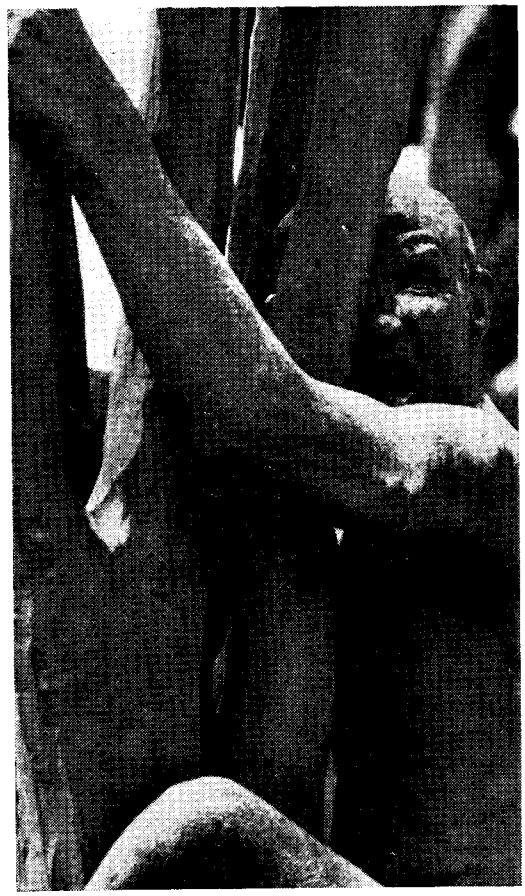
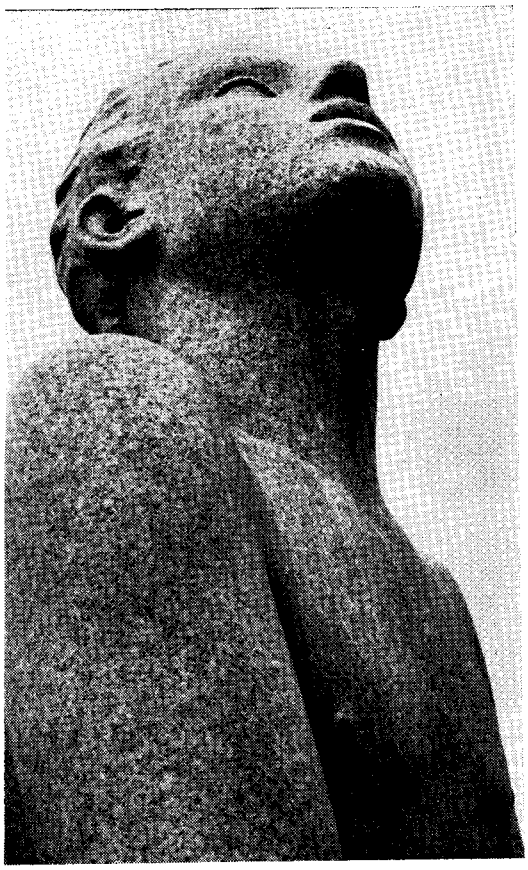


"intrinsic simplicity of form . . . pictured in its entirety."



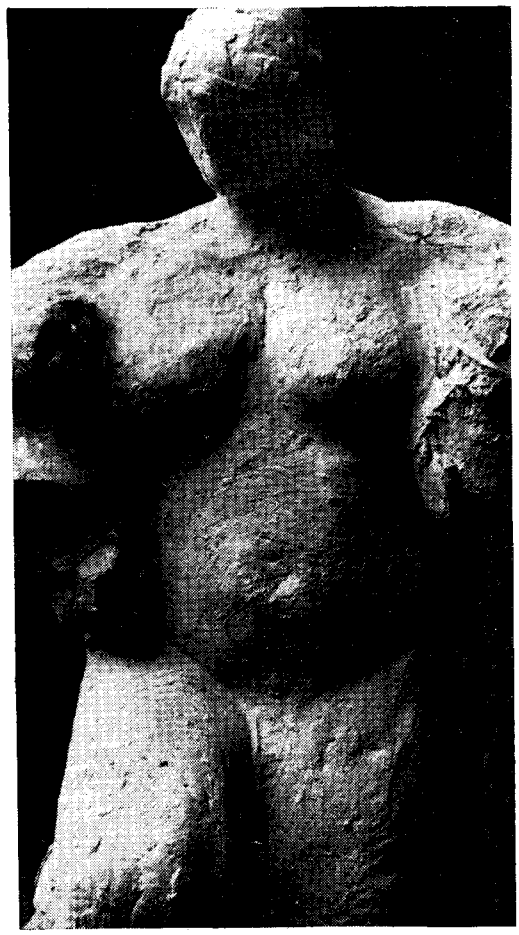
". . . passions and conflicts" of life.



" . . . selectivity and viewpoint."

to echo the mood of the sculpture itself, and bowing to museum expertise in the matter of placement and lighting, he rarely asks to have a subject moved. "I often shoot right through a glass case—as I did with this view," he said, pointing to a print of a small plaster figure in the Vigeland Museum. "I'm especially fond of this picture because it caught the eye of Henry Moore when I showed him the Vigeland prints. He had not seen the sculptures and expressed surprise at their fine quality. When he came to this particular print, he said that he would have guessed it to be the work of Rodin. I was gratified that my pictures had helped to bring Vigeland to Moore's attention, and I hope that the book may do the same for others in the art world who have been unaware of his unique achievement."

While critics—Moore's fellow countryman writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, among them—continue to differ sharply in their appraisal of Vigeland's *oeuvre*, there should be little contention about David Finn's photography in *Embrace of Life*. His camera has done commendable public relations; it has improved the image of the controversial sculptor's work by bringing it to life on the printed page.



". . . caught the eye of Henry Moore."

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

A Danish Giselle

TELEGRAPH HILL PARK, N.J. GISELLE, the innocent peasant maid who goes mad in the concluding scene of the first act of the famous ballet of the same name, is not nearly as pressured, mentally, as are her contemporary interpreters. Kirsten Simone, prima ballerina of the Royal Danish Ballet and guest artist with the American Ballet Theatre, looked pale and tired in her dressing room at the handsome Garden State Arts Center Amphitheater. It was after a performance of *Giselle* in which she had starred with her world-famous countryman, Erik Bruhn. On stage, she had gone mad most touchingly. Backstage, she wasn't about to go mad again, but she admitted to confusion as well as to fatigue. "Do you know," she said with a wan smile, "this is the seventh —yes, *seventh*—version of *Giselle* I have had to learn. It may not be maddening, but it *is* confusing."

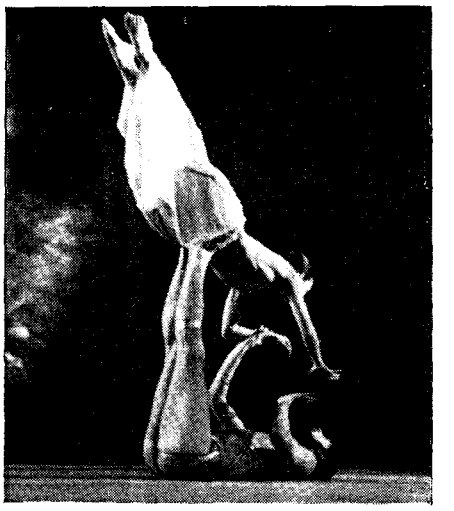
It isn't that the entire choreography of *Giselle* changes from production to production, but that new stagings, restudyings, and the results of researching lead to certain alterations or adaptations. Thus, it is often more difficult for a ballerina to go from the *Giselle*, or some other great classic that her home company does, to the slightly different versions that other troupes do than it is to learn a brand new ballet.

Miss Simone, blonde, beautiful, and gentle of manner, took her seventh variation on *Giselle* in stride. She was, of course, coached by Bruhn, who knows this staging by David Blair and who also happens to be one of the best Albrechts of all time. But she had to bear comparison not only with the great Giselles of recent history but also with a spate of new ones.

In the first act, Miss Simone introduces us to one of the shyest Giselles. It is a subdued portrayal, but one that makes your heart reach out to a maiden who cannot comprehend duplicity. Her "Mad Scene" is in the same key, not fiery like Alonso's or lyrico-dramatic as Markova's used to be, but the very underplaying has not only validity but a curiously appealing quality.

She is, of course, preparing us for the Giselle of Act II, the spirit-maiden, and the shyness is transformed into an unearthly elusiveness. At the performance I saw here, her first solo *pas* in the second act was not quite right, technically assured but with a phrasing not supported by the conductor's beat. But the full *pas de deux* with Bruhn, including her own solo sorties, was sheer heaven. Bruhn? Heaven also! But what do you expect from such a pair of dancing Danes? (P.S. The American Ballet Theatre was pretty celestial, too.) And speaking of matters astral, did you notice that an aerial photo of this amphitheater, published in the program, made it resemble a huge flying saucer comfortably settled in the Jersey countryside?

Kirsten Simone and Erik Bruhn in "Giselle," produced by the American Ballet Theatre — "sheer heaven."



Norman Walker and Cora Cahan in "Illusive Image," by a choreographer who believes in "On with the dance!"

LEE, MASS. "ON WITH THE DANCE! Let joy be unconfined!" said Lord Byron in his *Childe Harold*. This is the passage which sprang to mind as I watched Norman Walker's new group work, *Baroque Concerto* (to music of Gottfried Heinrich Stoezel), on the occasion of its world premiere at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival. One week later, in the same Ted Shawn Dance Theater high on a Berkshire mountain, Mr. Shawn himself, in his first appearance of the season following a serious illness, introduced the explosive and hypnotic Maria Alba and her Spanish dancers with "On with the Dance! Let joy be *unrefined*!" The Pillow audience heeded the suggestion and let go with some New England *Oles!*

The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, which has been attracting dance audiences of increasing size for more than thirty-five years, has always, under Shawn's direction, presented an incredible variety of dance that was ever unconfined, zestfully unrefined, tastefully refined but never stolidly confined. This heady concept is being continued, to date, this year under John Christian, the Pillow's executive director, who has been relieving the veteran Shawn of many burdens attendant upon a ten-week program.

A special highlight of the current festival has been the brilliant contributions by Norman Walker—his choreography, his own dancing, and the dancing of his company. In *Baroque Concerto*, he not only transformed Byron's words into dance with beauti-

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ful bodies in beautiful actions, but in other creations, such as *Illusive Image* (a duet for himself and the radiant Cora Cahan), *Heaven Within the Mountain*, and *Portrait Of . . .*, he reaffirmed his position on the American dance scene as one of the major choreographic talents of our day.

Walker has had to buck what used to be referred to as the "vogue" of far inferior dance theater craftsmen, but he will—and does—outstrip the gimmicky ones, for although he does dances that have to do with tragedy and terror, nervous rock and nervy eroticism, he projects Byron's "Let joy be unconfined!" like no other modern dance choreographer does.

"Papa" Shawn, with a highly professional dance eye, which has been observant of the world-wide dance scene since 1911, gave Walker his smashing debut at the Pillow just a few years ago. The echoes of the applause reverberated not only throughout the Berkshires but also across the world of dance, in modern, ballet, musical theater. But Walker still must contend for the moment with the vogues of non-dance, non-romance, non-clarity, non-beauty. But Papa, himself a rebel, a pioneer, and an irrespressible romanticist, knew what he was doing when he first fostered Walker. It was, simply, "On with the dance!" Walker has, of course, done some bad, poor, or trivial dances—although most are good—but he has never forgotten (including the summer of 1969) where his duty lies, and that is in *dancing*. So keep an eye on this young dancer/creator, and don't argue—even in this modern, rebellious age—with your dance Papa, Ted Shawn, for Norman Walker may well be the heir apparent.

WIT TWISTER #127

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The gourmet _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
with his cook:
"Please garnish
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _, lightly!
"Though _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
lends a springtime look,
"Too much of it's unsightly."

—Contributed by
MRS. JOHN S. DOMINSKI.

(*Answer on page* 58)

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Summer's Gain, Autumn's Loss

THE MOST INCESTUOUS primary group in television is the coterie of entertainers and public figures who meet recurrently on the variety-talk shows, presenting viewers with a recycling of familiar faces, jokes, show-biz trivia, and political attitudes. The essential requirement for membership is the ability to engage in "interesting" conversation with the host of the program. The "personality" may be an athlete (Joe Namath), a radical journalist (I. F. Stone), or a dissident entertainer (Joan Baez)—it does not matter, so long as when he steps out upon the stage, he becomes a "performer."

Each of television's "big-time hosts" has a unique style that sets the tone for his own show: exuberant, arrogant, participatory (David Frost); ha-ha funny (Johnny Carson, Joey Bishop); amiable, inquiring (Merv Griffin); unpretentious, relaxed, civilized (Dick Cavett). These shows all produce an occasional razor's edge of serious discussion; the question is—does it all go down the drain, forgotten in the total ambiance of entertainment? I put the question recently to Joan Baez, Dick Cavett, and Tony Converse, his producer, after a recent memorable appearance of the folk singer on Mr. Cavett's ABC-TV network, prime-time program. They all asserted that some good was accomplished.

Serious moments on variety-talk shows help keep important social, political issues alive for viewers who tend to ignore them in their selective, reinforcing patterns of information-seeking. The interviews nourish dissidents; for people who are sympathetic to dissenters but don't really understand, they illuminate and clarify. Baez aimed at that latter group when she appeared on Cavett's show; she "socked it to 'em hard."

This show's studio audience, reputed to be generally "polite anti-Establishment," was markedly silent during the Baez interview; they may have been stunned by the force of the folk singer's remarks. She read a letter from her husband who led a hunger strike in a California prison (he is serving three years for draft-resistance); the letter charged brutality by the prison guards, and decried the "farce" of modern penal rehabilitation.

Turning to related aspects of "exploitation and oppression" in America, Miss Baez defined revolution as "not anything to do with name-calling, violence, or guns," but as "changing people's minds and hearts." "Are you a pacifist?" Cavett then asked. "No," said Miss Baez, "I am a non-violent soldier who chooses to be a fighter, but not to use weapons. We must learn how to suffer, but not inflict suffering."

The host warmly respected his guest's views, but he protested against doctrinaire pacifism in extreme cases: "It's OK as a personal proposition, but as a political program, it doesn't work." Cavett does not try to bait his audience; as he was about to make a point that might win audience support, he said he hoped the people in the studio would not applaud. He was so genuinely involved in the discussion that there was no time left for a second song by his guest; he seemed embarrassed by the fact that he had to cut the talk to lead into a Sani-Flush commercial.

Joan Baez, espousing her cause, welcomes opportunities to appear on variety-talk shows. Each experience, pleasant or painful, is an act of faith, perhaps a symbolic prayer to communicate successfully with the great, middle Americans, to awaken them to what's wrong with the world.

For Dick Cavett, such conversations are also opportunities, within the commercial entertainment context, to extend the borders of entertainment beyond the boundaries of *Petticoat Junction*. He hasn't thought out any credo for his show, except that "it's all included in ideas that don't have to be dull." Other "serious performer" guests have included Kenneth Tynan, Allen Ginsberg, Tom Wicker, Drew Pearson, and Truman Capote.

Cavett would like to be the catalyst of unpredictable shows, some quiet, some conventionally entertaining. The program, a summer replacement, will leave the air in the fall to make way for "already locked-in new and old series." There's always ABC's "second season," however, in January, when the Nielsen losers in the ratings race must leave the track; it is then that the *Dick Cavett Show* may be called upon as a pinch hitter.

ABC, it is said, likes the show. The network would do well to keep it alive, to help keep discussion alive, in an open society that depends on the agon of democracy. It would also help keep ABC alive with people who might watch TV more often if they could find Dick Cavett there.

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Bootstrap

Continued from page 21

East Africa; Syrians, in West Africa; Jews, almost everywhere. Even without attempting to unravel these complex influences—which probably is impossible—it is clear that aspects of Negro family and community experiences mitigate against producing nascent entrepreneurs. These experiences go back to slavery, when Negroes were stripped of all opportunity for independence, as well as after slavery, when efforts at independence were regularly punished. They include the related experience of the Negro family, which was also marked by slavery and post-slavery traumas, and which presumably provided little support for nascent business enterprise, in contrast to other families from entrepreneurial cultures.

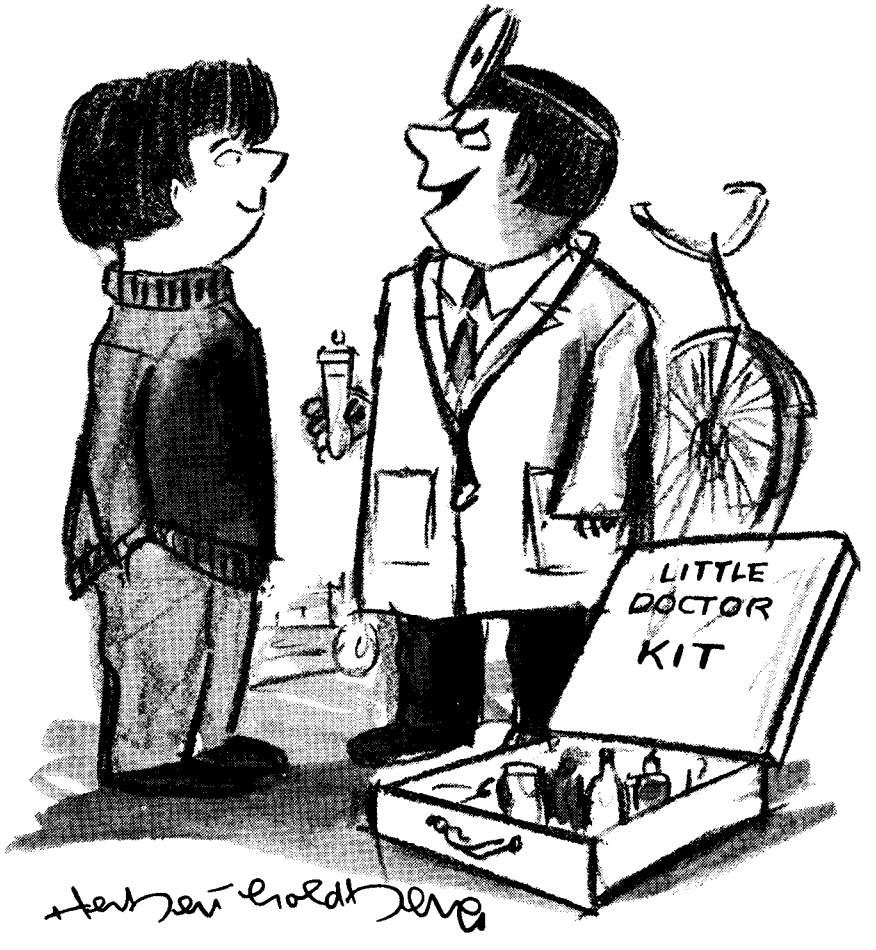
All this is elementary enough. The question is, is it also simply academic? Is it worth investing money and effort in the route of small business? And does it make sense particularly for Negroes? In asking this, one means: How is it possible today to get ahead in small business? Chains have dominated retail trade for a long time. The capital required for getting into business keeps increasing. The know-how needed for dealing with various levels of government and the complexity of their reporting and taxing procedures, for dealing with big suppliers and with banks, increases constantly. Is this a possible route to affluence or power for a group that numbers substantial proportions of the impoverished and undereducated?

These are good questions, and we lack good answers. A great deal of cant and ideology is passed off in this area as economic analysis. The fact is, there is little good economic analysis of small business—the type of small business I am talking about. Economists, whether theoretical or practical, are not interested. Nor is small business easy to analyze. When the father of a friend of mine, a painting contractor, died some years ago, it was impossible to collect his accounts receivable — he had kept them in his head. This had not been the sort of business that lends itself to analysis of return on capital, profit and loss, and the like. And yet this man had owned a house in a good neighborhood and had sent all his children to college. The annals of the poor rarely get full coverage; the annals of the poor businessmen get even less. Thus I wonder, and it would be important to find out, what happens to the small *bodegas* opened by Puerto Ricans in New York —there are many hundreds—and what has their experience been. There is no account.

Yet there is enough crude information to suggest that the argument of small business no longer being a route to affluence and property is much overstated. Large numbers of small businesses fail, but they always have. Many fields that were once in the hands of small business are now in the hands of chains, but today hundreds of franchisers offer opportunities for small businessmen, with the protection a brand name affords that they never had before. The demands of government for record-keeping are far more onerous than they once were, but the average level of education is now much higher.

Ten years ago, my impression was that Puerto Ricans were more oriented to small business than Negroes were. There were various reasons for this: their experience on their home island; the language barrier which gave them a protected market such as other non-English-speaking ethnic groups had had; the needs for special foods, spiritual goods, and other products that only Puerto Ricans were likely to be able to fill. But it is a good question now as to just what the Puerto Ricans have got from their business enterprises. The ordinary figures on income do not show that they are better off. Nor does one have any impression that a solid and more affluent Puerto Rican middle class is being built more rapidly than when fewer of them were in business. But our information is not very substantial, and there may be more building of the middle-class Puerto Rican community, through small business, than we know of.

One of the greatest illusions, perhaps no longer current, is that if all discrimination were lifted (and, in large measure, discriminatory practices today are lifted, and in fact a good measure of assistance in the form of compensatory dispensation is now available), a world of black entrepreneurs would come into being. Indeed, one can even exaggerate in certain aspects the role of discrimination in the past. A few years ago, Eugene P. Foley, then head of the Small Business Administration, studied the experience



"I just can't wait to turn down my first house call!"

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of black entrepreneurs and concluded that bank discrimination was not a major factor—that, indeed, bank credit played a little role in general for the small businessman.

There have been a number of programs over the past five years to help create Negro entrepreneurs. None has been massive; none has shown marked success. The shortage of capital for the ghetto has been intense, but this shortage, as Theodore Cross demonstrates, is based on the fact that business in the ghetto is hazardous for all, black and white. Government cannot make businessmen; when it tries, it gets hung up inevitably in time-consuming regulations and procedures, for public money is never committed casually. Nor, alas, is private money.

Further, when young whites flee from entering business—whether their own or their parents'—or from taking employment in corporate business, can we expect young blacks, subjected to the same anti-business ideological influences, to go the other way? One of the most depressing statistics I have seen is that the number of self-employed black businessmen has *declined* from 42,500 to 32,500 between 1950 and 1960. Perhaps, one can hope, only the smaller and weaker businesses went to the wall, but I doubt that. Perhaps, too, the opening of other opportunities, in government, in education, in large corporations, provided alternatives to those who were forced into business by discrimination in earlier years. And yet, since business—owing to its demand for long hours, for full-time concern to its hazards and dangers—is always less attractive initially to many than is secure salaried employment, it is perhaps not all to the good that easier opportunities should open. As noted, if more Jewish college graduates had been able to take jobs with corporations in the Thirties and Forties, fewer Jews would be rich today.

The making of businessmen is such an obscure enterprise that one feels uneasy in proposing that it nevertheless must be undertaken. For there will never be real equality between Negroes and other Americans as long as Negroes participate hardly at all in business life. This is where affluence and wealth become possible; business provides one of the centers of power in American society in which every major group should participate. Difficult as it is to make businessmen, if we do not, Negroes will be inevitably drawn to two other courses of action: one is simple expropriation of white business and property in the ghetto, however disguised; the second, support for socialism in one form or an-

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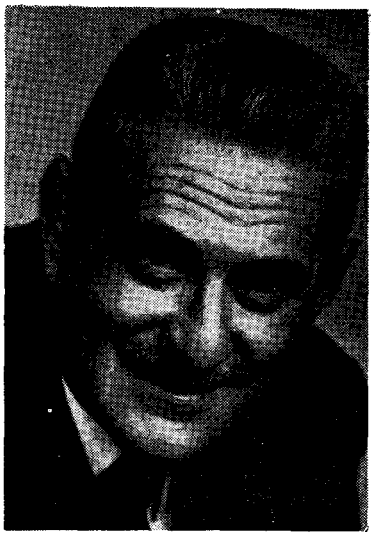

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other, for then all wealth and power would flow from government, and there Negroes, because of their numbers, could expect to pull more weight.

Both developments are already strong among Negro youth. Expropriation will, however, to some extent be fought by whites; and even where it occurs it will amount to nothing unless the conditions of successful business enterprise—capital, entrepreneurs, and security—come with it. If they do not, we can expect to see what we have already seen in the burnt-out business sections of ghetto areas, where destruction of white business is not in any major way accompanied by black business replacement, but leaves behind no business. As for socialism—whether or not it leads to greater equality for Negroes, it is scarcely likely to become a possible alternative in this country.

A kind of small-scale socialism for the ghetto is now proposed in the form of community development corporations. These would be owned by the residents of a ghetto; they would be able to draw on government funds to buy out and start local businesses. I am not too optimistic about this approach. What it proposes, in effect, is a kind of conglomerate cooperative for the ghetto, putting its profits back into the ghetto rather than taking them out. First of all, not many people are taking profits out of the ghetto these days—the abandoned stores and residences are indication enough of that. Second, entrepreneurship needs entrepreneurs, not committees. In view of the small profits one can envisage, one needs devoted businessmen, drawing little and putting in long hours to make a successful business. It is hard to envisage how one could get this with community participation, with its inevitable conflicts and hired help. Third, the experience of cooperatives in cities shows that they work best in college communities with highly sophisticated cooperators, or with other distinctive groups that have a strong ideological commitment to cooperation.

One cannot help hoping that more imaginative approaches will be forthcoming. For example, we need—but how could we get?—more banks attuned to all the particularities of Negro communities and Negro businessmen. One thinks of Giannini, who built the great Bank of America out of a small banking business that started by backing Italian immigrants; or of the Puerto Rican banks, now opening branches in New York, whose owners understand Puerto Rican businessmen and have their trust in a way no non-Puerto Rican bank could. The qualities that make entrepreneurship remain a mystery. One can only try everything that seems reasonable and hope major breakthroughs will come.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 55: parleys, sparely, parsley.

"My teaching machine hates me!"

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Black Businessmen

Continued from page 29

venture into real estate, but thus far has been inhibited by lack of capital.

Perhaps the most remarkable new black business undertaking, however, is that sponsored by Philadelphia minister Leon Sullivan [see cover]. Friendly antagonists say that the only thing wrong with him is that his parishioners think he is God and have convinced him of it. Certainly Leon Sullivan has accomplished near-miracles.

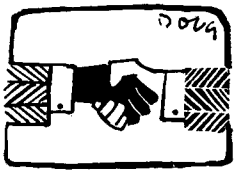
Six-feet-four-inches tall, with a rich and sonorous voice, Leon Sullivan commands attention. He was born in an unpaved alley in Charleston, West Virginia, and his grandmother, a matriarch, died exhorting Sullivan to help his people out of the squalor in which she was dying. Sullivan was also strongly influenced by his college experience—a black campus where his heritage and identity were strengthened—and a chance meeting with Adam Clayton Powell.

Powell, visiting in the area, had met and was impressed with Sullivan, then a young, untrained preacher. A short time later, Powell helped Sullivan get a job and brought him into his church and political life. In Harlem, Sullivan was involved in Powell's demonstrations against local merchants for jobs for blacks; he worked with ghetto gangs; and he was tutored by A. Philip Randolph in massive community organization and nonviolent direct action. When Sullivan left New York after two years, it was because he felt his growing popularity was causing him to lose touch with God.

Sullivan's Zion Baptist Church, with a congregation of 400, was in an area of Philadelphia that Sullivan believes surpassed Harlem in decay. Shortly after arriving, he opened an employment agency in the church. Then, when he realized that only the white youngsters he sent out were getting jobs, Sullivan organized a Selective Patronage campaign. Letters to 300 Philadelphia companies asking each one to let him refer two black workers for consideration resulted in only five companies hiring, but under Sullivan, black preachers—400 strong—organized and conducted a systematic boycott of stores until more employment doors opened for blacks.

When it became apparent that many jobs required skilled labor and that many of the applicants were unskilled, Sullivan decided to establish an Opportunities Industrialization Center. As a site, he picked an idle jail building. Zion Baptist Church by then had grown to 4,000 parishioners, and to them Sullivan appealed for the $40,000 seed money needed to refurbish the jail. He later organized Zion Investment Associates, using a "10/36" investment plan. Under it, members pledge $10 a month for thirty-six months, with each participant receiving a share in all the project's enterprises. Next, through personal magnetism, the appeal of the bootstrap concept, and the lure of providing qualified workers, Sullivan managed to interest Philadelphia businessmen, including executives of General Electric, Westinghouse, IBM, and Bell Telephone.

When money or machines failed to arrive as promised, Sullivan prayed. At one low point a local bank unexpectedly volunteered $13,000. Slowly OIC grew to seventy loosely confederated branches in seventy cities. Now the largest self-help group for the disadvantaged in the nation, the centers offer courses in such areas as drafting, sheet metal work, machine shop, teletype operating, and restaurant practices, as well as strong motivational uplift for the morale of men who have continually been told that they are unfit. Since 1964, they have trained more than 50,000 persons, with a job placement rate, in Philadelphia at least, of 90 per cent.



Though Sullivan prefers to limit government involvement, in fiscal 1969 OIC received $10-million from the Departments of Labor and Health, Education, and Welfare. Then came this year's cutback of $1.8-million, severely curtailing several OIC programs.

More recently, Sullivan has led 10/36 plan investors into new business ventures, starting with the purchase of a $75,000 apartment building to which blacks previously had been denied access as tenants. Since then the organization has built a $1-million garden apartment complex, a shopping center (Progress Plaza), a garment factory, and an enterprise that would "inte-

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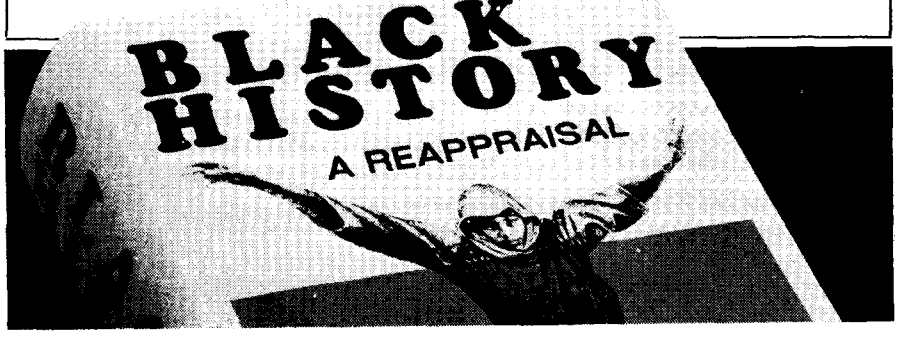

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grate the race to space," Aerospace Enterprises. Explained Ira Wells, special administrative assistant to Sullivan: "Reverend Sullivan felt if we can do aerospace, we can do any kind of business."

Though all Sullivan-spawned firms are managed and staffed by blacks, GE provided technical expertise for Aerospace and underwrote its first two years' operations with a $2.7-million contract. This made possible regular commercial financing, while 10/36 plan shares provided another $150,000 in capital.

Of course, not all black business ventures achieve this degree of success. Even with broadly based sponsorship, some problems cannot be foreseen. For several months, for instance, one of Harlem's bravest, most hopeful new ventures, the Harlem Co-op supermarket, has been in jeopardy. Started by dynamic, forty-five-year-old Harlem lawyer Cora Walker with $155,000—raised in part by selling $5 shares door-to-door—it was grossing $39,000 a week after a year's operation, then suffered a 75 per cent drop in business when a grocery clerks' local, seeking to organize employees, set up a picket line that bread and milk deliverymen refused to cross. Mrs. Walker, however, has insisted, "We aren't going to let this thing defeat us. If you live in the ghetto long enough, you develop ways to survive."

To achieve greater breakthroughs, even more ambitious government and private-sector aid to minority businesses clearly seems required. Yet, recent federal actions indicate an apparent cutback: the Administration has failed to provide backing in Congress for a $200-million aid fund for minority enterprises; it has established overlapping high-level offices to promote black capitalism, naming as one chief a man whose principal qualification appears to be public relations work for a breakfast cereal; it has allowed black capitalism specialist Philip Pruitt to resign over alleged lack of Presidential support; and Congress has threatened restrictions on foundations most active in assistance to minority communities. Any cutback would probably also mean a retreat from the ghetto by big business which has used its investments there as tax write-offs.

If the nation is serious in wanting more capitalists alongside the vanguard of black businessmen who have managed some success, now is the time to press forward in support, not to turn backward once more onto the path of shattered dreams, broken promises, and lost opportunities.

"Why don't you make just one cookie, and then Xerox it fifty times?"

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Ethology

Continued from page 42

they use intoxicants to escape "the pain of consciousness," and they suffer from "hesperian depression" (the sense of uneasiness at the falling of dusk). Although Marais doesn't directly connect these two traits, it is amusing to realize that the cocktail party may be a cultural device that satisfies simultaneously two biological impulses shared by men and baboons.

Of particular interest is a series of observations and experiments concerning the extraordinarily acute sense perception of hypnotized humans. After comparing the reactions of baboons and of humans both when fully conscious and under hypnosis, Marais came to the conclusion that conscious learning is superimposed upon and requires the inhibition of more automatic or instinctive processes. Hence, according to Marais, the fantastic hearing, sight, and tactile sense of a hypnotized person represent animal capacities still present in humans but inhibited by our customary reliance on learned perception. Once again, this hypothesis fits recent ethological work, such as Harlow's analysis of the role of inhibition in learning.

To be sure, Marais's book cannot be treated either as a finished theory or as rigorous experimentation using the latest techniques and concepts. But in a way it is precisely the old-fashioned tone of *The Soul of the Ape* that constitutes its charm as well as its importance. Because he was a precursor of modern ethology, Marais leads us to reconsider contemporary concepts and assumptions, and his book—complemented nicely by Robert Ardrey's glowing introduction—is an invitation to confront anew the timeless question: "What is man?"

Roger Masters

Roger Masters is a member of the Department of Government at Dartmouth College.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1: Paycock, h. 2: Ape, i. 3: Turtle, n. 4: Swann's, j. 5: Pony, m. 6: Faun, b. 7-10 (in any order): Lark, a; Fox, e; Octopus, g; Flies, k. 11: Fox, d. 12: Duck, c. 13: Lion, l. 14: Wolf, f.

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(Continued on page 62)

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SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 61)

PIONEER YEARS (2nd) preparatory school which combines scholarship with adventure, work, involvement, creativity. Staff background: Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps, salting Peace Corps approaches (Study in Mexico) into standard pedagogy. Mountainous campus former Peace Corps training site. Near Dartmouth. Challenging birth with magnificent scenery . . . secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire School, Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

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PERSONALS

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 63)

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STUDIES ABROAD

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LUNA DI MIELE SOLAMENTE Per Gli Innamorati—if I were a Bride . . . I would entreat my groom to transport me to the Hither Hills . . . to be embraced by the magic of Montauk . . . to enjoy the beginning of an eternal love affair in the golden amber glow of Moonrise . . . to listen to the heartbeat of the pounding surf . . . a heartbeat that has lured lovers for eons of time. For a special honeymoon package rate, call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn, Gurney's Inn, Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry, "On the Brink O' the Beach," in the Village of Montauk, Town of East Hampton, County of Suffolk, Long Island, State of New York, United States of America, Planet Earth 11954. 212-895-6400. Open All Year.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1846

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "As they had seen me with these ——— hands," says Macbeth.	2 34 52 62 87 103 119 120
B. Constituting visual imagery retained in the memory and easily reproduced with great accuracy.	121 142 178 194 202 215 15
C. Summer hair adornment in Kilmer's "Trees" (3 wds.)	21 48 91 101 109 138 151 159 161 166 173 182
D. Violent behavior.	191 201 11 39 55 93 114
E. Common zinnia (comp.)	158 165 189 217 26 37 60 83 99 111 197 206 144 172
F. *Comforter, advocate; one called in to aid.*	175 192 6 44 68 127 133 141 210
G. Flat-out, hell-bent (comp.)	43 54 214 29 63 84 128 149 171 137 164 190
H. Development, expansion.	5 56 59 183 17 45 46 97 105 124 130
I. Kind of rabbit, cat, or goat.	131 143 193 204 66 81
J. Very loud.	96 104 118 155 168 179 77 123 139 212 4
K. Madeline, "slept an ——— sleep." (comp.; Keats, "The Eve of St. Agnes")	69 35 42 80 86 57 98 112 208 3 209
L. Unlighted, conical channel marker (2 wds.)	211 9 28 113 125 184 24
M. Gulp down; accomplish easily (2 wds.)	53 79 107 126 219 32 187
N. Language family including Catawba, Crow, Dakota, Osage, etc.	30 67 8 20 116 177
O. Lady-killer.	50 108 162 195 117
P. Excellent fish bait.	51 136 180 25 85 145 40 89 18
Q. Riatas, for instance.	122 140 41 65 156
R. Harsh or prolonged questioning.	198 220 134 12 78 49 146 23 154 169 64
S. Ancient city of Greece, head of the Chalcidian League.	188 70 58 74 150 148 92 13
T. Not appealing to the senses.	135 196 218 82 153 203 1 7 132 94
U. Ancient Indic language.	10 216 100 167 157 163 73 147
V. Aquatic mammal related to the dugong.	19 152 200 176 106 90 95
W. Capital of the Transcarpathian Oblast, W Ukrainian SSR.	110 36 102 199 31 160 129 61
X. It has been ruled by Albert the Bear, Henry the Proud, and Henry the Lion.	38 174 185 170 205 72
Y. Immeasurable.	27 207 75 22 213 14 115 88
Z. Wheedles.	16 181 33 186 71 76 47

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 T	2 A	3 K		4 J	5 H	6 F	7 T	8 N	9 L	10 U	—	11 D	12 R
13 S	14 Y	15 B		16 Z	17 H	18 P	19 V	20 N	21 C	22 Y	23 R	24 L		25 P	26 E	27 Y	28 L
29 G	30 N		31 W	32 M		33 Z	34 A	35 K	36 W		37 E	38 X		39 D	40 P	41 Q	42 K
43 G	44 F	45 H		46 H	47 Z		48 C	49 R	50 O	51 P	52 A	53 M	54 G	55 D	56 H	57 K	58 S
	59 H	60 E	61 W		62 A	63 G	64 R	65 Q	66 I	67 N	68 F	69 K	70 S	71 Z	72 X		73 U
74 S	75 Y	76 Z	77 J	78 R	79 M	80 K		81 I	82 T	83 E		84 G	85 P	86 K		87 A	88 Y
89 P	90 V		91 C	92 S	93 D	94 T	95 V	96 J	97 H	98 K	99 E	100 U		101 C	102 W	103 A	104 J
	105 H	106 V		107 M	108 O	109 C	110 W	111 E	112 K		113 L	114 D		115 Y	116 N	117 O	118 J
119 A		120 A	121 B	122 Q	123 J	124 H	125 L	126 M	127 F	128 G		129 W	130 H		131 I	132 T	
133 F	134 R	135 T	136 P	137 G		138 C	139 J	140 Q	141 F	142 B	143 I	144 E		145 P	146 R	147 U	148 S
	149 G	150 S	151 C	152 V	153 T	154 R	155 J	156 Q	157 U	158 E		159 C	160 W		161 C	162 O	163 U
164 G	165 E		166 C	167 U		168 J	169 R		170 X	171 G	172 E	173 C		174 X		175 F	176 V
177 N	178 B	179 J	180 P	181 Z	182 C		183 H	184 L	185 X		186 Z	187 M		188 S	189 E	190 G	191 D
192 F	193 I	194 B		195 O	196 T	197 E	198 R	199 W	200 V	201 D	202 B	203 T	204 I	205 X		206 E	207 Y
208 K		209 K	210 F	211 L	212 J	213 Y	214 G	215 B	216 U	217 E	218 T	219 M	220 R				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

Hidden, sometimes.
But never lost.
Beneath the surface.
Between the lines.
A day begins and its
history is told.
On paper.
Nature flexes her muscles.
Earthquake.
The maimed, the broken,
the dead.
Tragedy and disaster.
But with it,
something else.
Heroism.
Sacrifice.
Man's humanity to man.
Crime. Poverty.
And a life-saving
medical discovery.
Today's history, with
the glimmer of hope for
tomorrow.
The Thread of Hope.

We have something to do
with it.
We make
paper out of paper.
We wash out yesterday's
history.
Renew and preserve
the thread.
Rescue it from the
troubles and tragedies.
Wash out the ink.
Purge the old clays,
old resins, old binders.
Wash them away.
The thread, the fiber,
remain.
Clean.
Newly vital.
And made more manageable,
pure, more stable
through use.
Renewed.
Ready to be paper again.
The thread and the
fiber not lost.
Nor wasted.
But ready again to bear
the words, to reaffirm,
strengthen and bring a
brighter light to the
glimmer of hope.
Bergstrom Papers,
Neenah, Wisconsin

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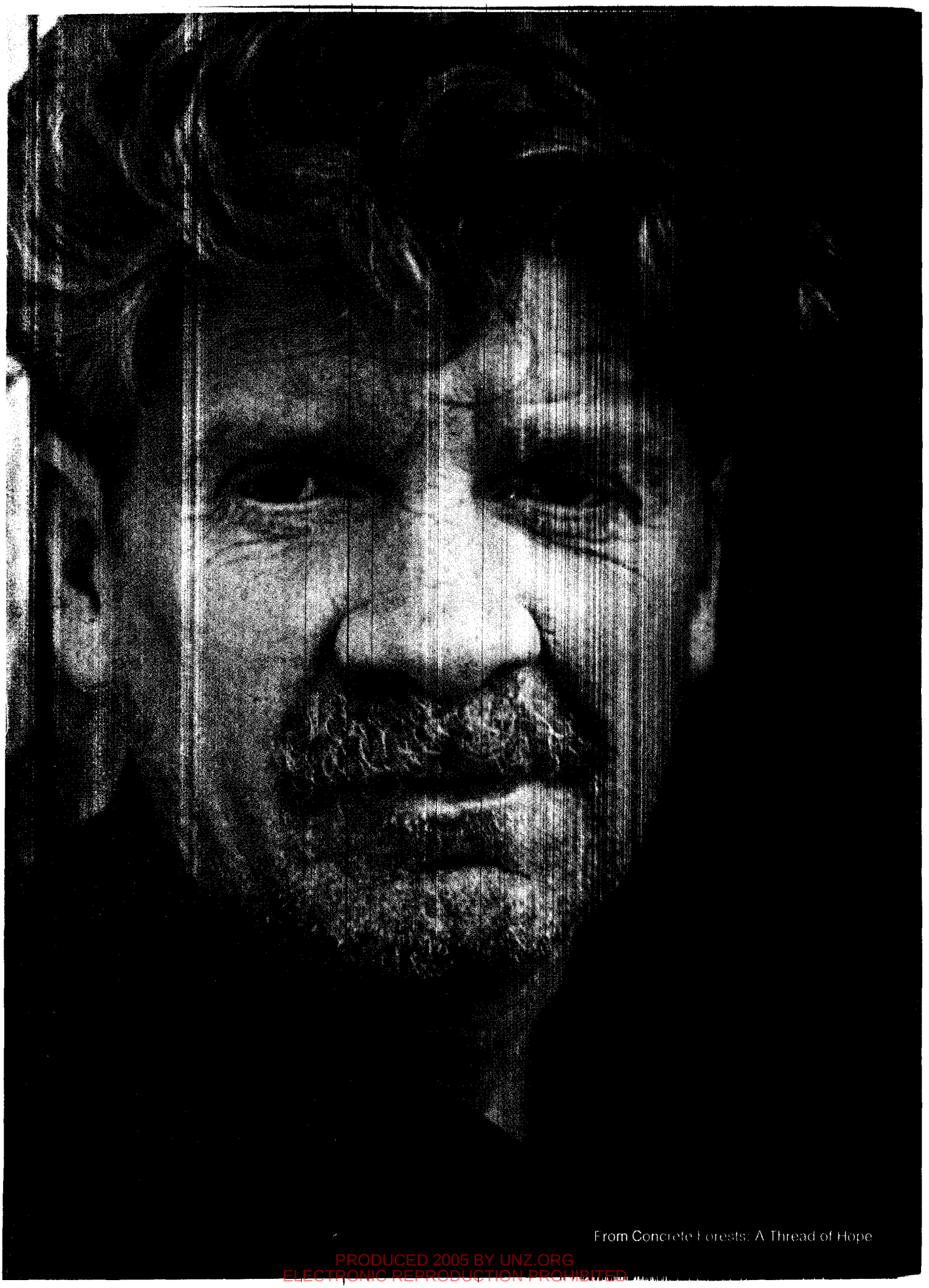

From Concrete Forests: A Thread of Hope

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